



ENGLAND'S Heroical Epistles,

WRITTEN

In Imitation of the Stile and Manner —

OF

OVID'S EPISTLES:

WITH

ANNOTATIONS

OF

The Chronicle History.

By MICHAEL DRATTON Esq;

Newly Corrected and Amended.

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Licensed, August the 3d. 1687. R. L.

L O N D O N,

Printed for S. Smethwicke, and sold by Benjamin
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end of St. Pauls. 1689.

Plam

T O T H E
R E A D E R

SEEING these Epistles are now to the World made publique, it is imagined, that I ought to be accountable of my private meaning, chiefly for my own discharge, lest being mistaken, I fall in hazard of a just and universal Reprehension: for,

————— Hæ nugæ seria ducent
In mala derisum semel exceptumq; finistre.

Two Points are especially therefore to be explained, first, why I entitle this Work, England's Heroical Epistles; secondly, why I have annexed Notes to every Epistles end. For the first, The Title (I hope) carrieth Reason in it self; for that the most and greatest Persons herein, were English; or else, that their Loves were obtained in England. And though (Heroical) be properly understood of Demi-gods, as of Hercules and Æneas, whose Parents were said to be, the one Cælestial, the other Mortal; yet is it also transferred to them, who for the greatness of Mind come near to Gods. For to be born of a Cælestial Incubus, is nothing else, but

To the READER.

to have a great and mighty Spirit, far above the Earthly weakness of Men ; in which sence Ovid (whose Imitator I partly profess to be) doth also use Heroical. For the second, because the Work might in truth be judged Brainish, if nothing but amorous Humor were handled therein, I have interwoven Matters Historical, which unexplained, might defraud the mind of much Content : as for Example ; in Queen Margarites Epistle to William De-La-Pool,

MyDaisie Flower, which once perfum'd the Air.

Margarite, in French, signifies a Daisy ; which, for the allusion to her Name, this Queen gave for her Device : and this, as others more, have seemed to me not unworthy the explaining. By this mark * in the beginning of every Line, thou art directed to the Annotations for an explanation of what is obscure.

Now, though, no doubt, I had need to excuse other things beside, yet these most especially ; the rest I over-pass, to eschew tedious recital. If they be as harmelesly taken, as I mean them, I shall not lastly be afraid to believe and acknowledge thee a gentle Reader.

M. DRAYTON.

On the Authour *MICHAEL DRAR-*
TON, Esq; and his *Heroick Epistles*.

SEe here *Britannia's OVID*, whose soft Pen
Transplants the *Grecian* Loves to *English-men*;
View his *EPISTLES* thoroughly, and behold
Our native Oar, coin'd in a Roman Mould;
Yet all is Standard, all Rose-noble Gold.
See here *Britannia's LUCAV*, whose rich Vein
In History, does antient Times explain,
In our fore-Father's out-of-Fashion Dress,
He do's a Noble Gallantry expresse,
Equal to that of *Rome*, and much above
The little Fopperies of modern Love.
The *English* Hero's Soul is all divine,
As is the Beauty of the *Heroine*:
Howe'er they disagree in Clime or Name,
The Lover and the Brave are still the same,
The *Muses* Treasure, and Delight of *Fame*.

J. W.

On the Ingenious *AUTHOUR*, oc-
casioned by the present Edition of his
HEROICAL EPISTLES.

HERE, *Reader's* One, who when vouchsafst to Write,
Could both the Sexes of mankind delight:
In gentle Numbers and soft Lays he sings
Th' alternate Loves of *Subjects* and of *Kings*:
The

The *Theme* he writes of, and his *Song* agree,
Unequal Notes make up the Harmony.

Listen ye Wits, to that *Orphean* strain,
Which charm'd even *Ovid's* Soul to Life again;
Tibullus, *Gallus* and *Propertius* too,
All *Cesar's* Court in one sweet Poet view,
His *English Heroes*, courteous and brave,
Unblemish'd bear their Honours to the Grave:
No light *Incontinence* their *Glories* stain,
They fixt and constant in their Loves remain.
Here no *Penelope* laments her *Fate*,
In her once kind, but now inconstant Mate.
No poor forsaken *Sappho* can complain
Of her too cruel *Phaon's* cold disdain.
Naso, 'tis true, was perfect at Address,
But *Drayton's* Language only found success:
So fraught with *Love* all his *EPISTLES* came,
They warm'd the *Answers* into equal Flame.

Such was the *Poet* and his *Wit* so great,
Pent up in Earth, it was releas'd by *Fate*.
Adorn'd with Fancy, Innocence, and Love,
His Book discovers that he's blest above:
Thus active Stars that shoot along the Sky,
Leave glitt'ring Tracts, to shew which way they fly,

B. C.

To the Stationer on this new and correct
Impression of *England's Heroical Epistles* :
By MICHAEL DRATTON, Esq;

GO on, industriously, and give
(Whilst *Wit* and *Poesie* shall live)
New Light to DRATTON, whose unequall'd Quill
Disdains all vain Essays of modern skill.

The *Nine* grown Housewives now do ne'er inspire
Such double Portions of ætherial Fire ;
As once they did in those his days, but since
In scantier measures do their warmth dispence.

Forth then, thou Objects of the Criticks Eye ,
Beyond th' Efforts of all our Poesie ;
Expose refin'd and various Delights,
And glut the nicest Readers Appetites.
Since the melodious *Thracian Orpheus* sung,
No Harp was ever better Touch'd or Strung.
His Angel-sounds, methinks the blood more warms
Than all the Pow'rs of Chast *Matilda's* Charms,
Could th' Royal Lover's Breast ; which, whilst he
(sings,
Some Magick moves the mind's internal Springs.

Edwine Sadleyr, Baronet.

*A Dedication of These and the foregoing Verses to
Mr. Drayton's Heroick Epistles.*

ETernal Book, to which our *Muses* flye,
In hopes of gaining Immortality.
Time has devour'd the Younger Sons of Wit,
Who liv'd when *Chaucer*, *Spencer*, *Johnson* writ:
Those lofty Trees are of their Leaves bereft,
And to a reverend Nakedness are left.
But the chief Glory of *Apollo's* Grove,
Drayton, who taught his *Daphne* how to Love;
Drayton, that sacred Lawrel seems to be,
~~From which each Sprig that falls must grow a Tree~~

Our humble Lines, eternal Book, receive,
And order *Fate* to let the Suppliants live:
But if our Zeal no valued Merit brings,
And what you inspire must dye like common things
Yet to attend the Triumphs of the Brave,
Contents the Soul and fits it for the Grave.
Besides near You an easie *Fate* we choose,
When by Neglect we Want, our Beings loose:
In such pure Air gross *Muses* take no Breath,
Faint, and in gentle Trances meet their Death.
Thus when in Honour of the Suns return,
Their imitating Lamps the *Persians* burn:
Before his Beams the glimmering Lights expire,
And Sacrifice themselves to the Cœlestial Fire.

T. B.

ENGLAND'S Heroical Epistles.

The Epistle of *ROSAMOND*
TO
King *HENRY* the Second.

The ARGUMENT.

Henry the Second of that Name, King of England, having by long Suit and Princely Gifts won (to his unlawfull desire) fair Rosamond the Daughter of the Lord Walter Clyfford; and to avoid the danger of Ellinor his jealous Queen, had caused a Labyrinth to be made within his Palace at Woodstock, in the centre whereof he had lodged his beauteous Paramour. Whilst the King is absent in his Wars in Normandy, this poor distressed Lady inclosed in this solitary Place, toucht with remorse of Conscience, writes to the King of her Distress and miserable Estate, urging him with all means and perswasions to clear himself of this Infamy, and her of the Grief of Mind by taking away her wretched Life.

IF yet thine Eyes (Great *Henry*) may endure
These tainted Lines, drawn with a Hand impure,
Let me for Love's sake their acceptance crave,
But that sweet Name (vile) I prophaned have :

B

The

The Innocent may write to Kings in *Gold*,
 But my Dispair I must in *Black* unfold ;
 Punish my Fault, or pitty mine estate ;
 Read them for Love ; if not for Love, for Hate.

If with my Shame thine Eyes thou fain would'st
 Here let them surfeit, of my Shame to read : (see)
 This scribled *Paper* which I send to thee,
 If noted rightly, doth resemble me :
 As this pure *Ground*, whereon these *Letters* stand
 So pure was I, e'er stained by thy Hand ;
 E'er I was blotted with this foul Offence,
 So clear and spotless was mine *Innocence* : (Scroul
 Now, like these Marks, which taint this hateful
 Such the black Sins which spot my Lep'rous *Soul*.

What, by this Conquest, canst thou hope to win
 Where thy best Spoil, is but the Act of *Sin* ?
 Why on my *Name* this slander do'st thou bring,
 To make my Fault renowned by a *King* ?
 " *Fame* never stoops to things, but mean and poor
 " The more our Greatness is, our Fault's the more
 " Lights on the Ground, themselves do lessen far,
 " But in the Air, each Spark doth seem a *Star*.
 Why, on my Woman-frailty should'st thou lay
 So strong a Plot, mine Honour to betray ?
 Or thy unlawfull Pleasure should'st thou buy,
 With thine own Shame, and my black Infamy ?
 'Twas not my Mind consented to this Ill,
 Then had I been transported by my Will ;
 For, what my Body was inforc'd to doe,
 (*Heav'n* knows) my Soul yet ne'er consented to

For, through mine *Eyes* had she her liking seen,
Such as my *Love*, such had my *Lover* been.

" True Love is simple, like his Mother-Truth,

" Kindly Affection, Youth to love with Youth;

" No greater corsive to our blooming Years,

" Then the cold Badge of Winter-blasted Hairs.

" Thy Royal power may well withstand thy Foes,

" But cannot keep back *Age*, with *Time* it grows;

" Though *Honour* our ambitious *Sex* doth please,

" Yet in that Honour's *Age* a foul Disease :

" Nature hath her free Course in all, and then

" Age is alike, in Kings, and other Men.

Which all the World will to my shame impute,

That I, my self did basely prostitute ;

And say, that *Gold* was Fuel to the Fire,

Gray Hairs in Youth not kindling green Desire.

O no ; that wicked Woman, wrought by thee,

My Tempter was to that forbidden *Tree* ;

That subtil Serpent, that seducing Devil,

Which had me tast the Fruit of Good and Evil ;

That *Circe*, by whose soft Magick I was charm'd,

And to this monst'rous shape am thus transform'd ;

That vip'rous *Hag*, the Foe to her own Kind,

That dev'lish Spirit, to damn the weaker Mind ;

Our Frailtie's Plague, our Sex's only Curse,

Hell's deep'st Damnation, the worst Evils worse.

But *Henry*, how canst thou affect me thus,

T' whom thy remembrance now is odious ?

My hapless Name, with *Henry's* Name I found,

Cut in the Glass with *Henry's* Diamond ;

That Glafs from thence fain would I take away,
 But then I fear the Air would me betray ;
 Then doe I ftrive to wafh it out with Tears,
 But then the fame more evident appears.
 Then doe I cover't with my guilty Hand,
 Which that Names witnefs doth againft me ftand
 Once did I fin, which Memory doth cherifh ;
 Once I offended, but I ever perifh.
 " What Grief can be, but Time doth make it lefs
 " But Infamy, Time never can fupprefs.
 Sometimes, to pafs the tedious irkfome Hours,
 I climb the top of *Woodstocks* mounting Tower's
 Where, in a Turret, fecretly I lye,
 To view from far fuch as do travel by ;
 Whither (me-thinks) all caft their Eyes at me,
 As through the Stones my Shame did make them fee
 And with fuch Hate the harmlefs Walls do view,
 As ev'n to Death their Eyes would me purfue.
 The married Women curfe my hatefull Life,
 Wronging fo fair a Queen, and vertuous Wife ;
 The Maidens wifh, I buried quick, may dye,
 And from each place, near my abode, do fly.
 * Well knew'ft thou what a Monster I would be,
 When thou didft build this Labyrinth for me ;
 * Whofe ftrange *Meanders* turning ev'ry way,
 Be like the courfe wherein my Youth did ftray ;
 Only a Clue doth guide me out and in,
 But yet ftill walk I circular in fin.
 As in the Gallery this other day,
 I and my Woman paff the time away,

'Mongst many *Pictures*, which were hanging by,
 The silly Girl at length hapt to espy
Lucrece's Image, and desires to know,
 What she should be, her self that murther'd so?
 Why, Girl (quoth I) this is that *Roman* Dame;
 Not able then to tell the rest for shame,
 My babling Tongue doth mine own Guilt betray;
 With that I sent the prattling Wench away,
 Lest when my lisping guilty *Tongue* should halt,
 My *Look* might prove the *Index* to my Fault.
 As that Life-bloud, which from the Heart is sent,
 In Beauty's Field pitching her Crimson Tent,
 In lovely *Sanguine* futes the Lilly Cheek,
 Whilst it but for a resting place doth seek;
 And changing oft its Station with Delight,
 Converts the White to Red, the Red to White;
 The Blush with Paleness for the place doth strive,
 The Paleness thence the Blush would gladly drive;
 Thus in my Breast a thousand Thoughts I carry,
 Which in my Passion diversly do vary.

When as the *Sun* hales tow'rd's the Western shade,
 And the *Trees* shadows hath much taller made,
 Forth go I to a little *Current* near,
 Which like a wanton Trail creeps here and there,
 Where, with mine *Angle* casting in the *Bait*,
 The little *Fishes* (dreading the deceit).
 With fearfull nibbling fly th'inticing Gin,
 By Nature taught what danger lyes therein.
 Things Reasonless, thus warn'd by Nature be,
 Yet I devour'd the Bait was lay'd for me:

Thinking thereon, and breaking into Groines,
The bubbling Spring, which trips upon the Stone
Chides me away, lest sitting but too nigh,
I should pollute that Native purity.

* *Rose of the World*, so doth import my Name,
Shame of the World, my Life hath made the same
And to th' unchast this Name shall given be,
Of *Rosamond*, deriv'd from *Sin* and Me.

The *Clifford's* take from me that Name of theirs
Which hath been famous for so many years :
They blot my Birth with hatefull Bastardie,
That I sprang not from their Nobilitie ;

They my Alliance utterly refuse,
Nor will a Strumpet shou'd their Name abuse.

Here, in the Garden, wrought by curious hand
Naked *Diana* in the Fountain stands,
With all her Nymphs got round about to hide her
As when *Acteon* had by chance espy'd her :
This sacred Image I no sooner view'd,
But as that metamorphos'd Man, pursu'd
By his own Hounds ; so, by my Thoughts am I
Which chase me still, which way soe'er I fly.
Touching the Grass, the Honey-dropping Dew,
Which falls in Tears before my limber shooe,
Upon my Foot consumes in weeping still,
As it would say, Why went'st thou to this Ill ?
Thus, to no Place in safety can I goe,
But every thing doth give me cause of Woe.

In that fair Casket, of such wond'rous Cost,
Thou sent'st the Night before mine Honour lost,

Amimor

Amimone was wrought, a harmless Maid,
By *Neptune*, that adult'rous God, betray'd ;
She prostrate at his Feet, begging with Pray'rs,
Wringing her Hands, her Eyes swoln up with Tears:
This was not an intrapping Bait from thee,
But by thy Vertue gently warning me,
And to declare for what intent it came,
Left I therein should ever keep my shame.
And in this Casket (ill I see it now)
That *Joves* love *Jo* turn'd into a Cow ;
Yet was she kept with *Argus*' hundred Eyes :
So wakefull still be *Juno's* Jealousies :

By this I well might have fore-warned been,
T' have clear'd my self to thy suspecting Queen,
Who with more hundred Eyes attendeth me,
Then had poor *Argus* single Eyes to see.
In this thou rightly imitatest *Jove*,
Into a Beast thou hast transform'd thy Love ;
Nay, worser far (beyond their beastly kind)
A Monster both in Body and in Mind.
The Waxen Taper which I burn by Night,
With the dull vap'ry dimness mocks my Sight,
As though the Damp which hinders the clear Flame,
Came from my Breath in that Night of my Shame ;
When as it look'd with a dark *lowring* Eye ,
To see the loss of my *Virginity*.
And if a *Star* but by the Glasse appear,
I straight intreat it, not to look in here ;
I am already hatefull to the *Light*,
And will it too betray me to the *Night* ?

Then since my Shame so much belongs to thee
 Rid me of that, by only murd'ring me;
 And let it justly to my charge be lay'd,
 That I thy Person meant to have betray'd:
 Thou shalt not need by Circumstance t' accuse me
 If I deny it, let the Heav'ns refuse me.
 My Life's a Blemish, which doth cloud thy Name
 Take it away, and clear shall shine thy Fame:
 Yield to my Sute, if ever Pity mov'd thee,
 In this shew Mercy, as I ever lov'd thee.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History

Well knew'st thou what a Monster I would be,
 When thou didst build this Labyrinth for me.

IN the Cretean Labyrinth a Monster was inclosed, called Minotaure, the History whereof is well known: but this Labyrinth was framed by Dedalus, with so many intricate Ways, that being entred, one could either hardly or never return, being in the manner of a Maze, save that it was larger, the Ways being walled in on every side, out of the which, Theseus by Ariadne's help, (lending him a Clue of Thred) escaped. Some report, that it was a House, having one half beneath the ground another above; the Chamber doors therein so deceitfully inwrapped, and made to open so many ways, that it was but a matter almost impossible to return.

Some have held it to have been an Allegory of Mans Life: true it is, that the Comparison will hold; for what liker is the Labyrinth, then the Maze of Life, But it is affirmed by Aristotle

quity, that there was indeed such a Building; though Dedalus being a name applied to the Workman's excellency, make it suspected: for Dedalus is nothing else but ingenious or Artificial. Hereupon it is used among the ancient Poets for any thing curiously wrought.

Rosamond's Labyrinth, whose Ruins, together with her Well, being paved with square Stone in the bottom, and also her Tower, from which the Labyrinth did run (are yet remaining) was altogether under ground, being Vaults Arched and Walled with Brick and Stone, almost inextricably wound one within another; by which, if at any time her Lodging were laid about by the Queen, she might easily avoid eminent Peril, and if need be, by secret Issues take the Air abroad, many Furlongs round about Woodstock in Oxfordshire, wherein it was situated. Thus much for Rosamond's Labyrinth.

Whose strange Meanders turning every way.

Meander is a River in Lycia, a Province of Natolia, or Asia minor, famous for the sinuosity and often turning thereof, rising from certain Hills in Meonia: Hereupon are intricate Turnings, by a Transumptive and Metonymicall kind of speech, called Meanders; for this River did so strangely path it self, that the Foot seemed to touch the Head.

Rose of the World, so doth import my Name,
Shame of the World, my Life hath made the same.

It might be reported, how at Godstow, where this Rose of the World was sumptuously interred, a certain Bishop, in the Visitation of his Diocess, caused the Monument which had been erected to her Honour, utterly to be demolished: but let that severe Chastisement of Rosamond, then dead, at this time also be passed over, lest she should seem to be the Shame of the World.

HENRY

H E N R Y

T O

R O S A M O N D.

When the *Express* arriv'd at my sad *Tent*,
 And brought the *Letters Rosamond* had sent
 Think from his *Lips* but what dear Comfort came
 When in mine *Ear* he softly breath'd thy name:
 Straight I injoy'n'd him of thy Health to tell,
 Longing to hear my *Rosamond* did well;
 With new Enquiries then I cut him short,
 When of the same he gladly would report,
 That with the earnest Haste, my *Tongue* oft trip
 Catching the *words* half spoke, out of his Lip.
 This told, yet more I urge him to reveal,
 To loose no time, whilst I unripp'd the Seal.
 The more I read, still do I err the more,
 As though mistaking somewhat said before:
 Missing the Point, the doubtfull Sence is broken
 Speaking again what I before had spoken.

Still in a Swoond, my Heart revives and faint
 'Twixt Hopes, Despairs, 'twixt Smiles and de
 As these sad Accents sort in my Desires, (Complain
 Smooth Calms, rough Storms, sharp Frosts, & ragi
 Fires,

Put on with Boldness, and put back with Fears,
For oft thy Troubles do extort my Tears.
O, how my Heart at that black Line did tremble!
That blotted Paper should Thy Self resemble;
Oh, were there *Paper* but near half so *white*!
The *Gods* thereon their sacred *Laws* would write
With *Pens* of Angels Wings; and for their *Ink*,
That Heav'nly *Nectar*, their immortal Drink.

Majestick Courage strives to have suppress
This fearfull *Passion*, stirr'd up in my Breast;
But still in vain the same I go about,
My Heart must break within, or Woes break out.

* Am I at home pursu'd with private Hate,
And *War* comes raging to my Palace Gate?

Is meagre *Envy* stabbing at my Throne,
Treason attending when I walk alone?

* And am I branded with the Curse of *Rome*,
And stand condemned by a *Councils* Doom?

* And by the *pride* of my rebellious *Son*;
Rich *Normandy* with Armies over-run?

Fatal my *Birth*, unfortunate my *Life*,

* Unkind my *Children*, most unkind my *Wife*,

Grief, Cares, old Age, Suspicion to torment me,
Nothing on Earth to quiet or content me;

So many Woes, so many Plagues to find,
Sickness of Body, discontent of Mind;

Hopes left, Helps rest, Life wrong'd, Joy interdicted,
Banish'd, distress'd, forsaken and afflicted.

Of all Relief hath *Fortune* quite bereft me?

Only my *Love* yet to my Comfort left me:

“ And

“ And is one *Beauty* thought so great a thing,
 “ To mitigate the Sorrows of a *King*?
 Barr’d of that Choice the Vulgar often prove;
 Have we, then they, less privilege in Love?
 Is it a King the wofull *Widow* hears?
 Is it a King dries up the *Orphans* Tears?
 Is it a King regards the *Clyents* Cry?
 Gives Life to *him* by Law condemn’d to dye?
 Is it his Care the *Common-wealth* that keeps,
 As doth the *Nurse* her Babie whilst it sleeps?
 And that poor *King* of all those Hopes prevented
 Unheard, unhelp’d, unpitty’d, unlamented!

Yet let me be with Poverty oppress’d,
 Of Earthly Blessings robb’d and dispossest,
 Let me be scorn’d rejected and revil’d,
 And from my *Kingdom* let me live exil’d,
 Let the Worlds Curse upon me still remain,
 And let the last bring on the first again;
 All Miseries that wretched Man may wound,
 Leave for my Comfort only *Rosamond*.
 For Thee, *swift Time* his speedy Course doth stay,
 At thy Command, the *Destinies* obey,
Pity is dead, that comes not from thine *Eyes*,
 And at thy *Feet* ev’n *Mercy* prostrate lyes.

If I were feeble, rheumatick, or cold,
 These were true signs that I were waxed old:
 But I can march all day in massie Steel,
 Nor yet my *Arms* unwieldy weight do feel;
 Nor wak’d by *night* with Bruise or bloody Wound
 The Tent my Bed, no Pillow but the Ground:

For very Age had I lain Bedrid long,
One *Smile* of Thine, again could make me Young.
Were there in *Art* a Power but so divine,
As is in that sweet *Angel-Tongue* of Thine,
That great *Enchantress*, which once took such pains
To put young *Bloud* into old *Æson's* Veins,
And in Groves, Mountains and the *Moorish* Fen,
Sought out more *Herbs* then had been known to *Men*,
And in the pow'rfull *Potion* that she makes,
Put *Bloud* of Men, of Birds, of Beasts and Snakes;
Never had needed to have gone so far,
To seek the *Soyles* where all those *Simples* are;
One *Accent* from thy Lips the *Bloud* more warms,
Then all her *Philters*, *Exorcisms* and *Charms*.
Thy *Presence* hath repaired in one day,
What many Years with Sorrows did decay,
And made fresh *Beanty* in her flower to spring,
Out of the wrinkles of *Times* ruining.
Ev'n as the hungry Winter-starved *Earth*,
When she by nature labours tow'rds her Birth,
Still as the *Day* upon the dark World creeps,
One *Blossom* forth after another peeps,
Till the same *Flower*, whose *Root* (at last) unbound,
Gets from the frosty Prison of the *Ground*,
Spreading the *Leaves* unto the pow'rfull noon,
Deck'd in fresh Colours, smiles upon the *Sun*,
Never unquiet Care lodg'd in that Breast,
Where but one Thought of *Rosamond* did rest;
Nor Thirst, nor Travel which on War attend,
Ere the long Day brought to desired end;

Nor

Nor yet pale *Fear* did, or lean *Famine* live,
 Where hope of *Thee* did any Comfort give:
 Ah, what Injustice then is this of *Thee*,
 That thus the Guiltless do'st condemn for me?
 When only she (by means of my Offence)
 Redeems thy Purenese and thy Innocence,
 When to our *Wills* perforce obey they must,
 That's just in them, what e'er in us unjust,
 Of what we do, not them account we make;
 The Fault craves pardon for th' Offenders sake:
 " And what to work a *Prince's* Will may merit
 " Hath deep'st impression in the gentlest *Spirit*.
 If't be my *Name* that doth thee so offend,
 No more my *self* shall be mine own Names Friend
 If it be that, which Thou dost only hate,
 That Name, in my Name, lastly hath his date;
 Say 'tis accurst and fatal, and dispraise it,
 If written, blot it, if engraven, raze it;
 Say, that of all Names 'tis a Name of Woe,
 Once a King's Name, but now it is not so:
 And when all this is done, I know 'twill grieve thee
 And therefore (Sweet) why should I now believe thee
 For shouldst thou think, those *Eyes* with Envy
 Which passing by thee, gaze up to thy *Towre* (low
 But rather praise thine own, which be so clear,
 Which from the *Turret* like two *Stars* appear:
 Above, the *Sun* doth shine, beneath, thine *Eye*,
 Mocking the *Heav'n*, to make another *Skye*.
 The little *Stream* which by thy *Tow'r* doth glide
 Where oft thou spend'st the weary Ev'ning *Tide*

To view thee well, his *Course* would gladly stay,
As loth from *thee* to part so soon away,
And with Salutes thy self would gladly greet,
And offer some small Drops up at thy Feet;
But finding, that the envious *Banks* restrain it,
T'excuse it self, doth in this sort complain it,
And therefore this sad bubbling Murmur keeps,
And for thy want, within the Channel weeps.
And as thou do'st into the Water look,
The *Fish* which see thy shadow in the Brook,
Forget to feed, and all amazed lye,
So daunted with the lustre of thine Eye.

And that sweet *Name*, which thou so much do'st
In time shall be some famous *Poet's* Song; (wrong
And with the very sweetness of that Name,
Lyons and *Tygers* Men shall learn to tame.
The carefull *Mother*, at her pensive Breast,
VVith *Rosamond* shall bring her Babe to Rest;
The little Birds (by Mens continual sound)
Shall learn to speak and prattle *Rosamond*:
And when in *April* they begin to sing,
VVith *Rosamond* shall welcome in the Spring;
And she in whom all Rarities are found,
Shall still be said to be a *Rosamond*.

The little Flowers dropping their honied Dew,
VVhich (as thou writ'st) do weep upon thy Shoe,
Not for thy Fault (sweet *Rosamond*) do moan,
Only lament, that thou so soon art gone;
For if thy Foot touch *Hemlock* as it goes,
That *Hemlock's* made much sweeter then the *Rose*.

Of

Of *Jove* or *Neptune*, how they did betray,
 Speak not ; of *Jo*, or *Amimone*,
 VVhen she, for whom *Jove* once became a Bull
 Compar'd with Thee, had been a Tawny Trull
 He a white *Bull* and she a whiter *Cow*,
 Yet he nor she ne'er half so white as Thou.

Long since thou know'st (my Dear) I've carest
 To lodge thee safe free from my jealous Queen; (be
 The Labyrinths Conveyance guides thee so,
 (* VVhich only *Vaughan*, thou and I do know)
 Tho' she should watch thee with an hundred Eyes
 I'll antidote her furious Mercuries,
 And with an *Argus* Mind my *Phænix* keep,
 VVith Eyes that ne'er were overcome by sleep.

And those *Stars* which look in, but look to see
 (Wond'ring) what *Star* here on the Earth should
 As oft the *Moon* amidst the silent Night,
 Hath come to joy us with her friendly Light,
 And by the Curtain help'd mine Eye to see
 What envious night and darkness hid from me;
 When I have wish'd that she might ever stay,
 And other Worlds might still enjoy the Day.

What should I say? words, tears and sighs bespeak
 And want of Time doth further Help prevent:
 My *Camp* resounds with fearfull shocks of War,
 Yet in my Breast more dang'rous Conflicts are;
 Yet is my Signal to the Battels sound,
 The blessed Name of beauteous *Rosamond*.

Accursed be that Heart, that Tongue, that Breath
 Should think, should speak, or whisper of thy Death

For in one Smile, or Lowre from thy sweet Eye,
 Consists my Life, my Hope, my Victory.
 Sweet *Woodstock*, where my *Rosamond* doth rest,
 Be blest in her, in whom thy King is blest :
 For though in *France* a while my Body be,
 My Heart remains (dear *Paradise*) in thee.

AN NOTATIONS of the Chronicle History.

Am I at Home pursu'd with private Hate,
 And War comes raging to my Palace Gate ?

Robert Earl of Leicester, who took part with young King Henry, entred into England with an Army of three thousand Flemings, and spoiled the Countries of Norfolk and Suffolk, being succoured by many of the King's private Enemies.

And am I branded with the Curse of Rome ?

King Henry the Second, the first Plantaginet, accused for the Death of Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, slain in that Cathedral Church, was accursed by Pope Alexander, although he urged sufficient proof of his Innocency in the same, and offered to take upon him any Pennance, so he might avoid the Curse and Interdiction of his Realm.

And by the Pride of my rebellious Son,
 Rich Normandy with Armies over-run.

Henry the young King, whom King Henry had caused to be
 Crowned

Crowned in his Life (as he hoped) both for his own good, and the good of his Subjects, which indeed turned to his own Sorrow and the trouble of the Realm; for he rebelled against him, raising a Power, by the means of Lewis King of France, and William King of Scots (who took part with him) and invaded Normandy.

Unkind my Children, most unkind Wife.

*Never King more unfortunate then King Henry, in the obedience of his Children: First Henry, then Geoffrey, then Richard, then John, all at one time or other, first or last, naturally rebelled against him; then, the Jealousie of Eliza-
his Queen. who suspected his Love to Rosamond: Which gave
his troubles, the Devout of those Times attributed to happen
him justly, for refusing to take on him the Government of Jeru-
salem, offered to him by the Patriarch there; which Country
was mightily afflicted by the Souldan.*

Which only Vaughan, thou and I do know.

This Vaughan was a Knight whom the King exceedingly loved, who kept the Palace at Woodstock, and much of the Kings Jewels and Treasure, to whom the King committed many of his Secrets, and in whom he reposed such trust, that he durst commit his Love unto his Charge.

FINIS.

KING JOHN TO MATILDA.

The ARGUMENT.

After King John had assayed by all means possible to win the fair and chaste Matilda to his unchaste and unlawfull Bed, and by unjust Courses and false accusation, banish'd the Lord Robert Fitzwater, her Noble Father, and many other Allies, who justly withstood the desire of this wanton King, seeking the dishonour of his fair and vertuous Daughter: This chaste Lady still solicited by the lascivious King, flies unto Dunmow in Essex, where she becomes a Nun, the King (still persisting in his Suit) solicites her by this Epistle; her Reply confirms her vow'd and invincible Chastity, making known to the King her pure unspotted Thoughts.

When these my Letters thy bright Eyes
shall view,
Think them not forc'd, or feign'd, or strange, or new,
Thou know'st no way, no means, no course exempted
Left now unsought, unprov'd, or unattempted,
All Rules, Regards, all secret Helps of Art,
What Knowledge, Wit, Experience can impart,
And in the old Worlds Ceremonies doted,
Good days for Love, Times, Hours & Minutes noted;

And where *Art* left, *Love* teacheth more to find,
By *signs* in presence to express the Mind.
Oft hath mine *Eye* told thine *Eye*, *Beauty* griev'd
And begg'd but for one Look, to have reliev'd
And still with thine *Eyes* motion, mine *Eye* mov'd
Lab'ring for Mercy, telling how it lov'd ;
You blusht, I blusht; your Cheek pale, pale was mine
My Red, thy Red, my Whiteness answer'd thine
You sigh'd, I sigh'd, we both one Passion prove,
But thy sigh is for Hate, my sigh for Love :
If a word pass'd, that insufficient were,
To help that word, mine *Eye* let forth a Tear ;
And if that *Tear* did dull or senseless prove,
My *Heart* would fetch a *Throb*, to make it move

Oft in thy Face, one Favour from the rest
I singled forth, that pleas'd my Fancy best ;
This likes me most, another likes me more,
A third, exceeding both those lik'd before :
Then one, as Wonder were derived thence,
Then that, whose rareness passeth excellence.
Whilst I behold thy Globe-like rowling *Eye*,
Thy lovely Cheek (me thinks) stands smiling by
And tells me, those are Shadows and Supposes,
But bids me thither come, and gather Roses ;
Looking on that, thy Brow doth call to me,
To come to it, if Wonders I will see :
Now have I done, and then thy dimpled Chin
Again doth tell me newly I begin,
And bids me yet to look upon thy Lip,
Lest wond'ring least, the great'st I overslip :

My gazing *Eye* on this and this doth sease,
Which surfeits, yet cannot Desire appease.
Now like I *Brown* (O lovely *Brown* thy : air)
Only in *Brownness* Beauty dwelleth there.
Then love I *Black*, think Eye-ball black as Jet,
Which in a Globe, pure CrySTALLINE is set :
Then *White*; but Snow, nor Swan, nor Ivory please,
Then are thy *Teeth* whiter by much then these ;
In *Brown*, in *Black*, in *Pureness*, and in *White*,
All Love, all Sweets, all Rareness, all Delight :
Thus my stol'n Heart (sweet Thief) thou hence do'st
And now thou fly'st into a Sanctuary. (carry,
Fie peevish Girl, ingratefull unto Nature ;
Was it for this she fram'd thee such a Creature,
That thou her Glory should'st encrease thereby,
And thou alone do'st scorn Society ?
Why *Heav'n* made *Beauty* like her self to view,
Not to be lock'd up in a smoaky Mew :
A Rosie-tincted Feature is *Heav'n's* Gold,
Which all Men joy to touch, all to behold.
It was enacted when the World begun,
So rare a *Beauty* should not live a Nun ;
But if this *Vow* thou needs wilt undertake,
Oh were mine *Arms* a *Cloyster* for thy sake :
Still may his Pains for ever be augmented,
This Superstition idly that invented ;
Ill might he thrive , who brought this Custom
That holy People might not live together. (hither
A happy Time, a good World was it then,
When holy Women liv'd with holy Men :

But *Kings*, in this yet priviledg'd may be,
 I'll be a *Monk*, so I may live with thee.
 Who would not rise to ring the Morning's *Knot*?
 When thy sweet Lips might be the sacring Bell?
 Or what is he, not willingly would fast,
 That on those *Lips* might feast his Lips at last?
 Who to his *Mattins* early would not rise,
 Might he but read by th' Light of thy fair *Eyes*?
 On Worldly Pleasures who would ever look,
 That had thy Curls his Beads, thy Brows his *Book*?
 Wert Thou the *Cross*, to Thee who would not creep
 And wish, the *Cross* still in his Arms to keep?
 Sweet Girl, I'll take this holy Habit on me,
 Of meer Devotion that is come upon me;
 Holy *Matilda*, Thou the *Saint* of mine,
 I'll be thy Servant, and my *Bed* thy *Shrine*.
 When I do offer, be thy *Breast* the *Altar*,
 And when I pray, thy *Mouth* shall be my *Psalter*.
 The *Beads* that we will bid, shall be sweet *Kisses*,
 Which we will number, if one Pleasure misses;
 And when an *Ave* comes, to say *Amen*,
 We will begin, and tell them o'er again:
 Now all good Fortune give me happy Thrift,
 As I should joy t' *absolve* thee after Shrift.
 But see, how much I do my self beguile,
 And do mistake thy meaning all this while:
 Thou took'st this *Vow*, to equal my Desire,
 Because thou wouldst have me to be a *Frier*,
 And that we two should comfort one another,
 A holy *Sister*, and a holy *Brother*,

Thou as a *Votress* to my Love alone,
" *She* is most chaste, that's but enjoy'd of One.
Yea, now thy true *Devotion* do I find,
And sure, in this I much commend thy Mind;
Else here thou do'st but ill Example give,
And in a *Nun'ry* thus thou shouldst not live.
Is't possible, the *House* that thou art in
Should not be toucht (though with a Venial Sin?)
When such a *She-Priest* comes her Mass to say,
Twenty to one they all forget to pray:
Well may we wish, they would their *Hearts* amend,
When we bear witness, that their *Eyes* offend;
All Creatures have Desires, or else some lye,
Let them think so that will, so will not I.

Do'st thou not think our Ancestors were wise,
That these Religious *Cells* did first devise?
As *Hospitals* were for the Sore and Sick,
These for the Crook'd, the Halt, the Stigmatick,
Left that their *Seed*, mark'd with Deformity,
Should be a Blemish to Posterity.
Would Heav'n her *Beauty* should be hid from sight,
Ne'er would she thus her self adorn with Light;
With sparkling *Lamps* nor would she paint her *Throne*
But she delighteth to be gaz'd upon:
And when the golden glorious *Sun* goes down,
Would she put on her Star-besudded Crown,
And in her Masking Sute, the spangled Sky,
Come forth to Bride it in her Revelry;
And gave this Gift to all Things in Creation,
That they in this should imitate her Fashion.

All Things that fair, that pure, that glorious be
 Offer themselves of purpose to be seen.
 In Sinks and Vaults the ugly *Toads* do dwell;
 The Devils, since most ugly, they in Hell.
 Our Mother (Earth) ne'er glories in her Fruit,
 Till by the Sun clad in her Tinsel Sute;
 Nor doth she ever smile him in the Face,
 Till in his glorious *Arms* he her imbrace:
 Which proves she hath a Soul, Sense, and Deligh
 Of *Generations* feeling Appetite.

Well *Hypocrite* (in Faith) wouldst thou confesse
 What e'er thy Tongue say, thy Heart saith no les

Note but this One thing (if nought else perswad
 Nature of all things *Male* and *Female* made,
 Shewing her self in our Proportion plain;
 For never made she any thing in vain:
 For as thou art, should any have been thus,
 She would have left ensample unto us.

The *Turtle*, that's so true and chaste in Love,
 Shews by her *Mate* something the Spirit doth mov
 Th' *Arabian* Bird, that never is but one,
 Is only *Chast*, because she is alone:
 But had our Mother *Nature* made them Two,
 They would have done as *Doves* and *Sparrows* do
 And therefore made a *Martyr* in desire,
 To do her *Pennance* lastly in the Fire:
 So may they all be roasted quick, that be
 Apostata's to *Nature*, as is She.

Find me but one so young, so fair, so free,
 (Woo'd, su'd, & fought by him that now seeks the

But of thy Mind, and here I undertake
To build a *Nun'ry* for her only sake.

Oh, hadst thou tasted of those rare Delights,
Ordain'd each where to please great *Princes* fights !
To have their *Beauty* and their *Wits* admir'd,
(Which is by nature of your Sex desir'd)

Attended by our Trains, our Pomp, our Port,
Like Gods ador'd abroad, kneel'd to in Court.

To be saluted with the cheerfull Cry
Of Highness, Grace, and soveraign Majesty :

" But unto them that know not Pleasures price,

" All's one, a Prison, and a Paradise.

If in a *Dungeon* clos'd up from the Light,
There is no diff'rence 'twixt the *Day* and *Night* ;

" Whose *Pallat* never tasted dainty *Cates*,

" Thinks homely *Dishes* Princely Delicates.

Alas, poor *Girl*, I pitty thine estate,
That now thus long hast liv'd disconsolate ;
Why now at length, yet let thy Heart relent,
And call thy *Father* back from Banishment ;
And with those Princely Honours here invest him,
Of which, fond Love, not Hate hath dispossest him,
Call from *Exile* thy dear *Allies* and *Friends*,
To whom the Fury of my *Grief* extends ;
And if thou take my Counsel in this Case,
I make no doubt thou shalt have better Grace :
And leave thy *Dunmow*, that accursed Cell,
There let black *Night* and *Melancholly* dwell ;
Come to the *Court*, where all Joys shall receive thee,
And till that Hour, yet with my Grief I leave thee.

A N N O-

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History

THis Epistle of King John to Matilda, is much more *historical* than *Historical*, making no mention at all of *Time*, or *State*, touching only his love to her, and the extremity of his Passions forced by his desires, rightly fashioning the Humour of this King, as hath been truly noted by the most *authoritative* Writers: whose nature and disposition is truly discern'd in the course of his Love; first, jesting at the Ceremonies of *Services* of those Times; then, going about by all strong and probable Arguments, to reduce her to Pleasures and Delights; next, with promises of Honour, which he thinketh to be the last and greatest Means, and to have greatest power in her Soul with promise of calling home her Friends, which he thought might be a great inducement to his desires.

MATILDA TO KING JOHN.

NO sooner I receiv'd thy Letters here, (when
Before I knew from whom, or whence they
But sudden fear my bloodless veins doth fill,
As though divining of some future ill:

And in a thiv'ring extasie I stood,
A chilly *Coldness* ran through all my Blood ;
Opening the *Packet*, I shut up my rest,
And let strange Cares into my quiet Breast,
As though thy hard unpitying *Hand* had sent me,
Some new devised *Torture* to torment me.
Well had I hop'd, I had been now forgot,
Cast out with those things thou remembrest not ;
And that proud *Beauty* which enforc'd me hither,
Had with my Name been perished together :
“ But Oh (I see) our hoped Good deceives us,
“ But what we would forgoe, that seldom leaves us :
Thy blamefull *Lines* bespotted so with Sin,
Mine *Eyes* would cleanse, e'er they to read begin :
But I to wash an *Indian* go about,
For *Ill* so hard set on, is hard got out.
I once determin'd, still to have been mute,
Only by *Silence* to refell thy Sute :
But this again did alter mine intent,
For some will say, that *Silence* doth consent :
“ Desire with small encouragement grows bold,
“ And Hope of ev'ry little takes its hold.
I set me down, at large to write my mind,
But now nor *Pen*, nor *Paper* can I find ;
For still my *Passion* is so pow'rfull o'er me,
That I discern not things which lye before me :
Finding the *Pen*, the *Paper*, and the *Wax*,
These at command, and now *Invention* lacks ;
This *Sentence* serves, and That my hand out-strikes ;
That pleaseth well, and This as much mislikes,
I write,

I write, indite, I point, I raze, I quote,
 I enterline, I blot, correct, I note,
 I hope, despair, take courage, faint, disdain,
 I make, alledge, I imitate, I fain :
 Now thus it must be, and now thus, and thus,
 Bold, shame-fac'd, fearless, doubtfull, timorous;
 My faint Hand writing, when my full Eye reads
 From ev'ry word strange Passion still proceeds.
 " Oh, when the *Soul* is fetter'd once in Woe,
 " 'Tis strange what *Humors* it doth force us to!
 A *Tear* doth drown a *Tear*, *Sigh*, *Sigh* doth smother
 This hinders that, *that* interrupts the other :
 The o'er watch'd weakness of the sick Conceit,
 Is that which makes small *Beauty* seem so great;
 Like things which hid in troubled Waters lye,
 Which crook'd, seem straight, if straight, the co
 And thus our vain *Imagination* shews it, (tran
 As it conceives it, not as *Judgment* knows it :
 (As in a *Mirror*, if the same be true)
 Such as your likenesses, justly such are you :
 But as you change your self, it changeth there,
 And shews you as you were not, not as you were
 And with your *Motion* doth your *Shadow* move,
 If Frown or Smile, such the conceit of Love.
 Why tell me, is it possible the Mind
 A Form in all Deformity should find ?
 Within the compass of *Man's* Face we see,
 How many sorts of sev'ral Favours be ;
 And in the Chin, the Nose, the Brow, the Eye
 The smallest Diff'rence that you can descry,

Alters Proportion, altereth the Grace,
Nay, oft destroys the Favour of the Face:
And in the World, scarce Two so like there are,
One with the other, which if you compare,
But being set before you both together,
A judging *Sight* doth soon distinguish either.
How Woman-like a Weakness is it then?
Oh, what strange Madness so possesseth Men!
Bereft of Sense, such senseless Wonders seeing,
Without Form, Fashion, Certainty or Being?
For which so many dye, to live in anguish,
Yet cannot live, if thus they should not languish:
That Comfort yields not, and yet Hope denies not,
A Life that lives not, and a Death that dyes not;
That hates us most, when most it speaks us fair,
Doth promise all Things, always pays with Air,
Yet sometime doth our greatest *Grief* appease,
To double *Sorrow* after little Ease.
Like that which thy lascivious *Will* doth crave,
Which if once had, thou never more canst have;
Which if thou get, in getting thou do'st waste it,
Taken, is lost, and perish'd, if thou hast it:
Which if thou gain'st, thou ne'er the more hast won,
I losing nothing, yet am quite undone;
And yet of that, if that a *King* deprave me,
No King restores, though he a Kingdom gave me.

* Do'st thou of *Father* and of *Friends* deprive me?
And tak'st thou from me all that Heav'n did give me?
What Nature claims by Blood, Allies, or Neeriness,
Or Friendship challenge by regard or dearness?

Mak'st

Mak'st me an *Orphan* e'er my Father dye,
 A wofull *Widow* in *Virginity*?
 Is thy unbridled *Lust* the cause of all?
 And now thy flatt'ring *Tongue* bewails my Fall.
 The dead Man's *Grave* with feigned *Tears* to fill,
 So the devouring *Crocodile* doth kill;
 To harbour *Hate*, in shew of wholesome Things,
 So in the *Rose*, the poysoned *Serpent* stings;
 To lurk far off, yet lodge Destruction by,
 The *Basilisk* so poysons with the Eye;
 To call for Aid, and then to lye in wait,
 So the *Hyena* Murthers by Deceit;
 By sweet Inticement, sudden Death to bring,
 So from the *Rocks* the alluring *Mermaids* sing:
 In greatest *Wants* t'infect the greatest *Woe*,
 Is ev'n the utmost *Tyranny* can do.
 But where (I see) the *Tempest* thus prevails,
 What use of *Anchors*, or what need of Sails?
 Above us, blust'ring *Winds* and dreadful *Thund*
 The *Waters* gape for our Destruction under;
 Here, on this side, the furious *Billows* flye,
 There *Rocks*, there Sands, and dang'rous *Whirl-pools*.
 Is this the *mean* that *Mightiness* approves?
 And in this sort doe *Princes* woe their *Loves*?
Mildness would better sute with *Majesty*,
 Then rash *Revenge* and rough *Severity*.
 Oh, in what Safety *Temperance* doth rest,
 Obtaining Harbour in a Sovereign Breast!
 Which, if so praisefull in the meanest Men,
 In pow'rfull *Kings* how glorious is it then?

* Fle! I first hither, hoping to have aid,
Here thus to have mine Innocence betray'd?
Is *Court* and *Countray* both her Enemy,
And no place found to throw'd in *Chastity*?
Each House for *Lust* a Harbour, and an Inn,
And ev'ry *City* a Receipt for *Sin*?

And all do pity *Beauty* in distress;
If *Beauty chaste*, then only pittanceless:
Thus is she made the instrument to Ill,
And unreliev'd, may wander where she will.

Lascivious *Poets*, which abuse the Truth,
Which oft teach *Age* to Sin, infecting Youth,
For the *unchaste*, make *Trees* and *Stones* to mourn,
Or as they please, to other shapes do turn:
Cinyra's Daughter, whose incestuous Mind,
Made her wrong *Mature*, and dishonour *Kind*,
Long since by them is turn'd into a *Myrrhe*,
Whose dropping *Liquor* ever weeps for her;
And in a Fountain, *Biblis* doth deplore
Her Fault so vile and monstrous before:
Silla, which once her Father did betray,
Is now a *Bird* (if all be true they say.)
She that with *Phæbus* did the foul Offence,
Now metamorphos'd into *Frankincense*:
Others to Flowers, to Odours and to Gum;
At least, *Jove's Leman* is a Star become:
And more they feign a thousand fond Excuses,
To cloud their Scapes, and cover their Abuses;
The *Virgin* only they obscure and hide,
Whilst the *Unchaste* by them are *Deifi'd*,

And

And if by them a *Virgin* be exprest,
She must be rank'd ignobly with the rest.

I am not now, as when thou saw'st me last,
Time hath those *Features* utterly defac'd,
And all those *Beauties* which sat on my Brow,
Thou wouldst not think such ever had been now.
And glad I am that time with me is done,
* Vowing my self religiously a *Nun* :
My *Vestal* Habit me contenting more,
Then all the *Robes* adorning me before.

Had *Rosamond* (a Recluse of our sort)
Taken our Cloyster, left the wanton Court,
Shadowing that Beauty with a holy Vale,
Which she (alas) too loosely set to sale,
She need not, like an ugly *Minotaur*,
Have been lock'd up from jealous *Elenor*,
But been as famous by thy *Mothers* Wrongs,
As by thy *Father* subject to all Tongues.

" To shadow Sin *Might* can the most pretend,
Kings, but the Conscience, all things can deny
A stronger *Hand* restrains our wilfull pow'rs,
A *Will* must rule above this *Will* of ours,
Not following what our Lusts do urge us to
But what for *Vertues* sake, we (only) do.

And hath my *Father* chose to live exil'd,
Before his Eyes should see my Youth defil'd ;
* And to withstand a *Tyrant's* lewd desire,
Beheld his *Towns* spent in revengefull Fire :
Yet never touch'd with Grief ; so only I,
Exempt from shame, might honourably dye?

And shall this jewel, which so dearly cost,
 Be after all, by my Dishonour lost?
 No, no, each rev'rend *Word* each holy *Tear*
 Of his, in me too deep Impression bear,
 His latest *Farewell*, at his last depart,
 More deeply is ingraven in my *Heart*;
 Nor shall that Blot, by me, his Name shall have,
 Bring his gray hairs with sorrow to the Grave,
 Better his *Tears* to fall upon my *Tomb*,
 Than for my *Birth* to curse my *Mother's* Womb.
 * Though *Dunmow* give no refuge here at all,
Dunmow can give my Body Burial.
 If all remorseless, no Tear-shedding Eye,
 My Self will moan my Self, so live, so dye.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History.

THis Epistle containeth no particular Points of History, more than the generality of the Argument layeth open: for after the Banishment of the Lord Robert Fitz-water, and that Matilda was become a Recluse at Dunmow (from whence this Reply is imagined to be written) the King still earnestly persisting in his Sute, Matilda with this chaste and constant Denyall, hopes yet at length to find some comfortable Remedy, and to rid her self of Doubts, by taking upon her this Monastick Habit: and to shew that she still beareth in mind his former Cruelty, bred by the impatience of his Lust, she remembreth him of her Fathers Banishment, & the lawless Exile of her Allies & Friends.

Do'st thou of Father and of Friends deprive me?

D

Then

Then complaining of her Distress; that flying thither, thinking there to find Relief, she seeth her self most assailed, where she hoped to have found most Safety.

Fled I first hither, hoping to have aid,
Here thus, &c.

After again, standing upon the precise Points of Conscience not to cast off this Habit she had taken.

Vowing my self religiously a Nun.

And at last laying open more particularly the Miseries sustained by her Father in England, the Burning of his Castles and Houses which she proveth to be for her sake; as respecting only her Honour, more then his Native Country and his own Fortunes.

And to withstand a Tyrant's lewd desire,
Beheld his Towns spent in revengefull Fire.

Knitting up her Epistle with a great and constant Resolution

Though Dunmow give no Refuge here at all,
Dunmow can give my Body Burial.

FINIS.

QUEEN ISABEL TO MORTIMER.

The ARGUMENT.

Queen Isabel, Wife to Edward the Second (called Edward Carnarvan) and Daughter of Philip de Beau, King of France, being in the glory of her Youth forsaken by the King her Husband, who delighted only in the Company of Pierce Gaveston, his Minion and Favourite, drew into her especial Favour Roger Mortimer Lord of Wigmore, a Man of an invincible Spirit; who rising in Arms against the King with Thomas Earl of Lancaster, and the Barons, was taken ere he could gather his Power; and by the King committed to the Tower of London. During his Imprisonment, he ordained a Feast in honour of his Birth-day, to which he invited Sir Stephen Segrave, Lieutenant of the Tower, and the rest of the Officers; where, by means of a Drink prepared by the Queen, he cast them all into a heavy sleep, and with Ladders of Cords, being ready prepared for the purpose, he escapeth and flieth into France, whilst she sendeth this Epistle, complaining of her own Misfortune, and greatly rejoicing at his safe Escape.

(from her

THough such sweet comfort comes not now
As Englands Queen hath sent to Mortimer:
Yet what that wants (may it my Power approve,
Lines can bring) this shall supply with Love.

Me thinks *Affliction* should not fright me so,
Nor should resume those sundry *shapes* of Woe;
But when I fain would find the *cause* of this,
Thy *absence* shews me where my *Error* is.

Cf. when I think of thy *departing* hence,
Sad *Sorrow* then possesseth ev'ry *Sense*:

But finding thy dear *Bloud* preserv'd thereby,
And in thy *Life*, my long-wish'd *Liberty*,
With that sweet *Thought* alone, my self I please
Amidst my *Grief*, which sometimes gives me ease
Thus doe extreamest *Ills* a Joy possess,
And one *Woe* makes another Woe seem less.

That blessed *Night* that mild-aspected *Hour*,
Wherein thou mad'st escape out of the *Towre*,
Shall *consecrated* evermore remain;
Some gentle *Planet* in that *Hour* did reign;
And shall be *happy* in the *Birth* of Men,
Which was chieft *Lord* of the *Ascendant* then.

* Ch how I fear'd, that sleepy *Juyce* I sent,
Might yet want *power* to further thine Intent!
Or that some unclean *Mystery* might lurk,
Which wanting order, kindly should not work
Oft did I wish those dreadfull poys'ned *Lees*,
Which clos'd the ever-waking *Dragons* Eyes;
Or I had had those Sense-bereaving *Stalks*,
That grow in shady *Proserpine's* dark Walks;
Or those black Weeds on *Lethe* Banks below,
Or *Lunarie*, that doth on *Latmus* flow.
Oft did I fear this moist and foggy *Clime*,
Or that the *Earth* wax'd barren now with time

Should not have *Herbs* to help me in this case,
Such as do thrive on *India's* parched Face.

That Morrow when the blessed *Sun* did rise,
And shut the Lids of all *Heav'n's* tender Eyes,
Forth from my *Palace*, by a secret *Stair*,

* I stole to *Thames* as though to take the Air,
And ask'd the gentle *Floud*, as it doth glide,
If thou didst pass or perish by the *Tide*?

If thou didst *perish*, I desire the *Stream*,

To lay thee softly on his Silver Team,

And bring thee to me, to the quiet *Shoar*,

That with his Tears thou might'st have some Tears

When suddenly doth rise a rougher *Gale*: (more.

With that (methinks) the troubled *Waves* look pale,

And sighing with that little Gust that blows,

With this remembrance seem to knit their Brows.

Ev'n as this sudden *Passion* doth affright me,

The chearfull *Sun* breaks from a *Cloud* to light me:

Then doth the *Bottom* evident appear,

As it would shew me, that thou wast not there;

When as the *Water* flowing where I stand

Doth seem to tell me, thou art safe on Land.

* Did *Bulloin* once a Festival prepare,

For *England* *Almain*, *Cicill* and *Navarre*?

When *France* those Buildings envy'd (only blest)

Grac'd with the *Orgies* of my Bridall Feast,

That *English* *Edward* should refuse my Bed,

For that lascivious shameleis *Ganimed*?

And in my place, upon his *Regal* Throne,

To set that *Girl-Boy*, wanton *Gaveston*.

Betwixt the Feature of my Face and his,
My Glas assures me no such difference is,
* That a foul *Witches Bastard* should thereby
Be thought more worthy of his *Love* than I.

What doth avail us to be Princes *Heirs*,
When we can boast, our *Birth* is only theirs?
When base dissembling *Flatterers* shall deceive
Of all that our great *Ancestors* did leave us:

* And of our Princely *Jewels* and our *Dowres*,
Let us enjoy the least of what is ours; (Cro
When *Minions* Heads must wear our *Monarchs*
To raise up *Dunghils* with our famous *Towns*;
Those *Beggars-Brats*, wrapt in our rich *Perfum*
Their *Buzzard-wings*, imp'd with our *Eagles* *Plu*

* And match'd with the brave *Issue* of our *Bl*
Ally the *Kingdom* to their cravand Brood?

Did *Longbanks* purchase with his conqu'ring

* *Albania*, *Gascoyne*, *Cambria*, *Ireland*? (H
That young *Carnarvan* (his unhappy Son)

* Should give away all that his *Father* won,
To back a *Stranger*, proudly bearing down
The brave *Allies* and *Branches* of the *Crown*?

* And did great *Edward* on his Death-bed give
This Charge to them who afterwards should live,
That, that proud *Gascoyne* banished the Land,
No more should tread upon the *English* Sand?

And have these great *Lords* in the Quarrel stood
And seal'd his last *Will* with their dearest *Blood*;

* That after all this fearfull *Massacre*,
The Fall of *Beauchamp*, *Lacy*, *Lancaster*,

Another Faithless *Favourite* should arise,
To cloud the *Sun* of our *Nobilities*?

* And gloried I in *Gaveston's* great Fall,
That now a *Spenser* should succeed in all?
And that his *Asbes* should another breed,
Which in his *Place* and *Empire* should succeed;
That wanting One, a Kingdoms Wealth to spend,
Of what that left, this now shall make an end;
To waste all that our *Father* won before,
Nor leave our *Son* a *Sword*, to conquer more?

(Crow Thus but in vain we fondly doe resist,
Where *Pow'r* can doe (ev'n) all things as it list,
And of our *Right*, with *Tyrants* to debate,
Lendeth them *means* to weaken our *Estate*.

Whilst *Parliaments* must remedy their Wrongs,
And we must wait for what to us belongs;

Our *Wealth* but *Fuel* to their fond Excess,
And all our *Fasts* must feast their Wantonness.

Think'it thou our *Wrongs* then insufficient are,
To move our *Brother* to religious War?

* And if they were, yet *Edward* doth detain

Homage for *Pontiu*, *Guyne* and *Aquitain*;

And if not that, yet hath he broke the *Truce*;

Thus all accurr to put back all excuse.

The *Sister's* Wrong, joyn'd with the *Brother's* Right,

Methinks, might urge him in this *cause* to fight.

Are all those *People* senseless of our Harms,

Which for our *Country* oft have manag'd Arms?

Is the brave *Normans* Courage quite forgot?

Have the bold *Britains* lost the use of Shot?

The big-bon'd *Almans*, and stout *Brabanders*,
 Their Warlike Pikes, and sharp-edg'd *Scymiters*,
 Or do the *Pickards* let their Cross-bows lie,
 Once like the Centaur's of old *Thessaly*?
 Or if a valiant Leader be their lack,

Where Thou art present, who should beat th

I do conjure Thee, by what is most dear, (be
 By that great Name of famous *Mortimer*,

* By ancient *Wigmore's* honourable Crest,
 The Tombs where all thy famous Grandfires re
 Or if then these, what more may Thee approu
 Ev'n by those Vows of thy unfeigned Love;
 In all thou canst to stir the *Christian King*,
 By forreign *Arms* some Comfort yet to bring,
 To curb the *Pow'r* of Traytors that rebell,
 Against the Right of Princely *Isabel*.

Vain witless Woman, why should I desire
 To add more heat to thy Immortal fire?

To urge thee by the violence of Hate,
 To shake the Pillars of thine own Estate,
 When whatsoever we intend to doe,

Our most Misfortune ever forteth too;
 And nothing else remains for us beside,
 But Tears and Coffins (onely) to provide?

* When still, so long as *Burrough* bears that name
 Time shall not blot out our deserved shame;
 And whilst clear *Trent* her wonted course sh
 For our sad Fall she evermore shall weep. (1.
 All see our Ruin on our Backs is thrown,
 And we too weak to bear it out, are grown.

* *Torlton*, that should our Business direct,
The general Foe doth vehemently suspect:
“ For dangerous Things get hardly to their End,
“ Whereon so many watchfully attend.
What should I say? My Griets do still renew,
And but begin, when I should bid adieu,
Few be my *Words*, but manifold my *Woe*,
And still I *stay*, the more I strive to go.
Then till fair *Time* some greater *Good* affords,
Take my *Loves*-payment in these airey *Words*.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History.

Oh, how I fear'd that sleepy Juyce I sent.
Might yet want power to further mine intent.

Mortimer being in the Tower, ordaining a Feast in honour
of his Birth-day, as he pretended, inviting thereunto
Sir Stephen Seagrave, Constable of the Tower, with the
rest of the Officers belonging to the same, he gave them a sleepy
Drink, provided by the Queen, by which means he made his
Escape.

I stole to *Thames*, as though to take the Air,
And ask'd the gentle Floud as it doth glide.

Mortimer being got out of the Tower, swam the River of
Thames into Kent; whereof she having intelligence, doubteth
of his strength to escape, by reason of his long Imprisonment,
being almost the space of three years.

Did

Did Bulloyn once a Festival prepare
For England, Almane, Cicill and Navarre?

Edward Carnarvan the first Prince of Wales of the English Blood, married Isabel Daughter of Phillip the Fair Bulloine, in the presence of the Kings of Almain, Navarre and Cicill, with the chief Nobility of France and England. Which Marriage was there solemnized with exceeding Pomp and Magnificence.

And in my place upon his Regal Throne,
To set that Girl-boy wanton Gaveston.

Noting the effeminacy and luxurious wantonness of Gaveston the Kings Minion; his Behaviour and Attire ever so Woman-like, to please the Eye of his lascivious Master.

That a foul Witches Bastard should thereby.

It was urged by the Queen and the Nobility, in the dispraise of Pierce Gaveston, that his Mother was convicted of Witchcraft, and burned for the same, and that Pierce had bewitched the King.

And of our Princely Jewels and our Dowres,
Let us enjoy the least of what is ours.

A Complaint of the Prodigality of King Edward, growing to Gaveston the Jewels and Treasure which was left him by the ancient Kings of England, and enriching him with the great Mannor of Wallingford, assigned as parcel of the Dower to the Queen of this famous Isle.

And match'd with the brave Issue of our Blood,
Allie the Kingdom to their cravand Brood.

*Edward the Second gave to Pierce Gaveston in Marriage
the Daughter of Gilbert Clare Earl of Gloucester; begot of
the Kings Sister, Joan of Acres, married to the said Earl of
Gloucester.*

Albania, Gascoign, Cambria, Ireland.

*Albania, Scotland, so called of Albanact the second Son of
Brutus; and Cambria, Wales, so called of Camber the third
Son. The four Realms and Countries brought in subjection by
Edward Longshanks.*

Should give away all that his Father won,
To back a Stranger.

*King Edward offered his Right in France to Charles his
Brother in law, and his Right in Scotland to Robert Bruce,
to be ayded against the Barons in the Quarrel of Pierce Gaveston.*

And did great Edward on his Death-bed give.

*Edward Longshanks on his Death-bed at Carlisle, com-
manded young Edward his Son on his Blessing, not to call back
Gaveston, who (for the misguiding of the Princes Youth) was
before banished by the whole Council of the Land.*

That after all that fearfull Massacre,
The Fall of Beauchamp, Lacy, Lancaster.

Thomas Earl of Lancaster, Guy Earl of Warwick, and
Henry

Henry Earl of Lincoln, who had taken their Oath before
deceased King at his Death, to withstand his Son Edward,
he should call Gaveston from exile, being a thing which he
feared; now seeing Edward to violate his Father's Com-
ment, rise in Arms against the King, which was the cause
the Civil War, and the Ruin of so many Princes.

And gloried I in Gaveston's great Fall,
That now a Spenser should succeed in all?

The two Hugh Spensers, the Father and the Son, after
Death of Gaveston, became the great Favorites of the King,
the Son being created by him Lord Chamberlain, and the Father
Earl of Winchester.

And if they were, yet Edward doth detain
Homage for Pontiu, Guyne and Aquitain.

Edward Longshanks did Homage for those Cities and Ter-
ritories, to the French King; which Edward the second deny-
ing, moved the French King, by the subornation of Mortimer
to seize those Countries into his hands.

By ancient Wigmore's honourable Crest:

Wigmore in the Marches of Wales was the ancient Home
of the Mortimers, that Noble and Courageous Family.

When still so long as Burrough bears that name.

The Queen remembreth the great Overtbrow given to the
Romans by Andrew Herckley Earl of Carlile, at Burrough
Bridge, after the Battel at Burton.

Torlton, that should our Business direct.

This was Adam Torlton, Bishop of Hereford, that great Politician, who so highly favoured the Faction of the Queen and Mortimer; whose evil counsel afterward wrought the destruction of the King.

MORTIMER

T O

QUEEN ISABEL.

AS thy Salutes my Sorrows doe adjourn,
 So back to thee their *int'rest* I return;
 Though not in so great *Bounty* (I confess)
 As thy *Heroick* Princely *Lines* express:
 For how should *Comfort* issue from the Breath
 * Of one condemn'd, and long lodg'd up for Death?
 From *Murthers* Rage thou didst me once reprove;
 My *Hopes* in *Exile* now thou dost revive:
 * Twice all was taken, twice thou all didst give,
 And thus twice dead, thou mak'st me twice to live:
 This double *life* of mine, your only due,
 You gave to me; I give it back to you.

Ne'er

Ne'er my Escape had I adventur'd thus,
 As did the Skie-attempting *Dedalus*;
 And yet to give more safetie to my flight,
 Did make a Night of Day, a Day of Night:
 Nor had I backt the proud aspiring *Wall*,
 Which held without my *Hopes*, within my *Fa*
 Leaving the *Cords* to tell where I had gone,
 For Gazers with much fear to look upon;
 But that thy *Beauty* (by a pow'r divine)
 Breath'd a new *Life* into this Spirit of mine,
 Drawn by the *Sun* of thy *celestial* Eyes,
 With fiery *Wings*, which bare me through the Skie
 The *Heav'ns* did seem the charge of me to take,
 And *Sea* and *Land* befriend me for thy sake;
Thames stop'd his Tide, to make me way to go
 As thou hadst charg'd him that it should be so:
 The hollow murm'ring *Winds* their due time kept
 As they had rock'd the *World*, while all things slept
 One *Billow* bare me, and *another* drave me;
This strove to help me, and *that* strove to save me
 The brisling *Reeds* mov'd with soft *Gales*,
 (chide

As they would tell me, that they meant to hide
 The pale-fac'd *Night* beheld thy heavie cheare,
 And would not let one little *Star* appeare,
 But over all, her smoaky Mantle hurl'd,
 And in thick Vapours muffled up the World;
 And the sad *Ayre* became so *calm* and still,
 As it had been obedient to my will;

And every thing dispos'd it to my Rest,
 As on the Seas when th' *Halcion* builds her Nest.
 When those rough Waves, which late with Fury
 Slide smoothly on, and suddenly are hush'd (rush'd,
 Nor *Neptune* let his *Surges* out so long,
 As Nature is in bringing forth her Young.

* Ne'r let the *Spensers* glorie in my Chance,
 In that I live an Exile here in *France*;
 That I from *England* banished should be,
 But *England* rather banished from me:
 More were her want, *France* our great Bloud should
 Then *Englands* los's can be to *Mortimer*. (bear,
 My Grandfire was the first, since *Arthurs* reign,
 That the Round-Table rectifi'd again:

To whose great Court at *Kenelworth* did come,
 The peereless Knighthood of all *Christendom*;
 Whose Princely Order honour'd *England* more,
 Than all the Conquests she atchiev'd before.

Never durst *Scot* set foot on *English* Ground,
 Nor on his Back did *English* bear a Wound,
 Whilst *Wigmore* flourish'd in our Princely Hopes,
 And whilst our Ensigns march'd with *Edwards*.
 (Troops:

Whilst famous *Longbanks* Bones (in Fortunes
 As sacred Reliques to the Field were born: (scorn)
 Nor ever did the valiant *English* doubt,
 Whilst our brave *Battels* guarded them about;
 Nor did our *Wives* and wofull *Mothers* mourn
 The *English* Bloud that stained *Banocksbourn*;

Whilst

Whilst with his Minions sporting in his Tent,
 Whole Days and Nights in Banquetting were spent,
 Until the *Scots* (which under safeguard stood)
 Made lavish Havock of the *English* Blood:
 Whose batt' red *Helms* lay scatt' red on the Shore,
 Where they in *Conquest* had been born before,
 * A thousand *Kingdoms* will we seek from far,
 As many *Nations* waste with *Civil War*,
 Where the dishevell'd gaffly *Sea-Nymph* sings,
 Or well-rig'd *Ships* shall stretch their swelling Wings,
 And drag their *Anchors* through the sandy Bottom,
 About the *World* in ev'ry *Clime* to rove,
 And those unchrist'ned *Countries* call our own:
 Where scarce the Name of *England* hath been known.
 * And in the dead *Sea* sink our Houses Fame,
 From whose vast Depth we first deriv'd our Name,
 Before foul black-mouth'd Infamy shall sing,
 That *Mortimer* e'er stoop'd unto a King.
 And we will turn stern-visag'd *Fury* back,
 To seek his *Spoil*, who sought our utter Sack;
 And come to beard him in our Native *Isle*,
 E'er he march forth to follow our *Exile*:
 And after all these boyst'rous stormy Shocks,
 Yet will we grapple with the chaulky *Rocks*.
 Nor will we steal like *Pyrats*, or like *Thieves*
 From Mountains, Forrests, or Sea-bord'ring Cliffs,
 But fright the *Air* with Terror (when we come)
 Of the stern Trumpet, and the bellowing Drum,
 And in the Field advance our plumey Crest,
 And march upon fair *Englands* flowry Breast.

And *Thames*, which once we for our Life did swim,
 Shaking our dewy Tresses on his Brim,
 Shall bear my *Navy*, vaunting in her pride,
 Falling from *Tanet* with the pow'rfull Tide :
 Which fertile *Essex*, and fair *Kent* shall see,
 Spreading her Flags along the pleasant Lee,
 When on her stemming *Poep* she proudly bears
 The famous Ensigns of the *Belgick* Peers.

And for that hateful Sacrilegious Sin,
 Which by the *Pope* he stands accursed in,
 The Cannon Text shall have a common Gloss,
 Receipts in Parcels, shall be paid in Gross :
 This Doctrine preach'd, *Who from the Church doth*,
At least shall treble Restitution make. (take
 For which, *Rome* sends her Curses out from far,
 Through the stern Throat of Terror-breathing War,
 Till to th' unpeopl'd Shores she brings Supplies,
 * Of those industrious *Roman* Colonies.
 And for his Homage, by the which of old,
 Proud *Edward Guyne* and *Aquitain* doth hold,
 * *Charles* by invasive Arms again shall take,
 And send the *English* Forces o'er the Lake.
 When *Edward's* Fortune stands upon this Chance,
 To lose in *England*, or to forfeit *France* :
 And all those Towns great *Longshanks* left his Son,
 Now lost, which one he fortunately won,
 Within their strong Port-culliz'd Ports shall lye,
 And from their Walls his *Sieges* shall desie :
 And by that firm and undissolved Knot,
 Betwixt their neighb'ring *French* and bord'ring *Scot*.

E

Bruce

Bruce shall bring on his *Red-banks* from the Seas,
 From th' *Isled Orcads*, and the *Eubides*,
 And to his Western Havens give free pass,
 To land the *Kern* and *Irish Galiglass*,
 Marching from *Tweed* to swelling *Humber* Sands,
 Wasting along the Northern Nether-Lands.
 And wanting those which should his Power sustain
 Consum'd with Slaughter in his Bloody Reign,
 Our Warlike *Sword* shall drive him from his *Thron*
 Where he shall lye for us to tread upon.

* And those great *Lords*, now after their *Attain*
 Canonized amongst the *English* Saints,
 And by the superstitious People thought,
 That by their Reliques, Miracles are wrought:
 And think that Floud much vertue doth retain,
 Which took the Bloud of famous *Bohun* slain;
 Continuing the remembrance of the thing,
 Shall make the People more abhor their King.
 Nor shall a *Spenser* (howe ne'er so great)
 Possess our *Wigmore*, our renowned Seat,
 To raze the ancient Trophies of our Race,
 With our deserts their Monuments to grace:
 Nor shall he lead our valiant *Marchers* forth,
 To make the *Spensers* famous in the *North*;
 Nor be the Guardants of the *British* Pales,
 Defending *England* and preserving *Wales*.

At first our Troubles easily recall'd,
 But now grown head-strong, hardly to be rul'd
 "Deliberate counsel needs us to direct,
 "Where not (ev'n) plainness frees us from suspic

By those Mishaps our Errors that attend,
 Let us our Faults ingenuously amend.
 Then (Dear) repress all peremptory Spleen,
 Be more than Woman, as you are a Queen :
 Smother those Sparks which quickly else would
 Till Time produce what now it doth adjourn. (burn.
 Till when, great Queen, I leave you (though a while)
 Live you in rest, nor pity my Exile.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History.

Of one condemn'd and long lodg'd up for Death.

Roger Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore, had stood publickly condemned, for his Insurrection with Thomas Earl of Lancaster and Bohun Earl of Hereford, the space of three Months : and as report went, the day of his Execution was determined to have been shortly, which he prevented by his escape.

Twice all was taken, twice thou all didst give.

At what time the two Mortimers, this Roger Lord of Wigmore and his Uncle Roger Mortimer the elder, were apprehended in the West, the Queen, by means of Torlton, Bishop of Hereford, and Beck Bishop of Duresme, and Patriarch of Jerusalem, being then both mighty in the State, upon the submission of the Mortimers, somewhat pacified the King, and now secondly she wrought means for his escape.

Leaving the Cords, to tell where I had gone.

With strong Ladders made of Cords, provided him for the

purpose, he escaped out of the Tower; which when the
were found fastened to the Walls, in such a desperate Attempt
they bred astonishment in the Beholders.

Ne'er let the Spencers glory in my chance.

The two Hugh Spencers, the Father and the Son, then
so highly favour'd of the King, knew that their greatest
came by his Exile, whose high and turbulent Spirit could
brook any Corridor in Greatness.

My Grandfire was the first since Arthur's Reign,
That the Round Table rectified again.

Roger Mortimer, called the great Lord Mortimer, Grand
father to this Roger, which was afterward the first Earl
March, erected again the Round Table at Kenelworth, &
the antient Order of King Arthurs Table, with the Reti-
an hundred Knights; and an hundred Ladies in his House, for
entertaining of such Adventurers as came thither from all
of Christendome.

Whilst famous Longshank's Bones (in Fortunes

Edward Longshanks willed at his Death, that his
should be boyled, the Flesh from the Bones, and that the
should be born to the Wars in Scotland, which he was
ed unto by a Prophecy, which told, That the English should
be fortunate in Conquest, so long as his Bones were carried
the Feild.

The English Bloud that stained Banocksbourne.

In the great Voyage Edward the Second made against
Scots, at the Battel at Striveling, near unto the River
nock

hocksbourn in Scotland, *there was in the English Camp such Banquetting and Excess, such Riot and Disorder, that the Scots (who in the mean time laboured for Advantage) gave to the English a great Overthrow.*

And in the Dead-Sea sink our Houses Fame.
From whose, &c.

Mortimer, *so called of Mare Mortuum, and in French, Mortimer, in English, the Dead-Sea, which is said to be where Sodom and Gomorrhah once were, before they were destroyed with fire from Heaven.*

And for that hatefull Sacrilegious Sin,
Which by the Pope he stands accursed in.

Gauftellinus and Lucas, *two Cardinals, sent into England from Pope Clement, to appease the antient Hate between the King and Thomas Earl of Lancaster; to whose Embassy the King seemed to yield, but after their Departure he went back from his Promises, for the which he was accursed at Rome.*

Of those industrious Roman Colonies.

A Colony is a sort or number of People, that come to inhabit a Place before not inhabited; whereby he seems here to prophesie of the subversion of the Land, the Pope joining with the Power of other Princes against Edward, for the breach of his Promise.

Charles by invasive Arms again shall take.

Charles the French King, *moved by the Wrong done unto his Sister, seizeth the Provinces which belonged to the King of England into his hands, stirred the rather thereto by Mortimer,*

who solicited her cause in France, as is expressed before in
other Epistle, in the Gloss upon this Point.

And those great Lords now after their Attaints,
Canoniz'd among the English Saints.

After the death of Thomas Earl of Lancaster at Pontefract
the People imagin'd great Miracles to be done by his Relick
as they did of the Body of Bohun, Earl of Hereford, at
Burrough Bridge.

FINIS.

EDWARD

The Black PRINCE

T O

ALICE Countess of *Salisbury*.

The ARGUMENT.

Alice Countess of Salisbury, remaining at Roxborough Castle in the North, in the absence of the Earl her Husband, who was by the King's command sent over into Flanders, and there deceased e'er his return: This Lady being besieged in her Castle by the Scots, Edward the Black Prince being sent by the King his Father to relieve the North Parts with an Army, and to remove the Siege of Roxborough, there fell in Love with the Countess, when after she return'd to London he sought by divers and sundry means to win her to his youthful Pleasures, as by forcing the Earl of Kent her Father, and her Mother unnaturally to become his Agents in his vain desires; where after a long and assured tryal of her invincible Constancy he taketh her to his Wife, to which end he only frameth this Epistle.

R Eceive these *Papers* from thy wofull Lord,
 With far more *Woes* than they with *Words*
 (are stor'd,
 Which if thine Eye for rashness do reprove,
 They'll say they came from that imperious Love.

In ev'ry Line well may'st thou understand,
Which Love hath sign'd and sealed with his hand
And where to farther process he refers,
In Blots set down to thee for Characters,
This cannot blush, although you do refuse it,
Nor will reply, however you shall use it ;
All's one to this, though you should bid Despair
This still entreats you, this still speaks you fair.

Hast thou a living Soul, a humane Sense,
To like, dislike, prove, order and dispence?
The depth of Reason, soundly to advise,
To love things good, things hurtfull to despise?
The touch of Judgement, which should all things
Hast thou all this, yet not allow'st my Love? (pro
Sound moves a Sound, Voice doth beget a Voice
One Eccho makes another to rejoyce ;
One well-tun'd String set truly to the like,
Struck near at hand, doth make another strike
How comes it then, that our Affections jar?
What Opposition doth beget this War?

I know, that Nature frankly to thee gave
That measure of her Bounty that I have ;
And as to me, she likewise to thee lent,
For ev'ry Sense a several Instrument :
But ev'ry one, because it is thine own,
Doth prize it self, unto it self alone.
Thy dainty hand when it it self doth touch,
That feeling tells it, that there is none such:
When in thy Glas thine Eye it self doth see,
That thinks there's none like to it self can be;

And ev'ry one doth judge it self divine,
Because that thou dost challenge it for thine :
And each it self *Narcissus*-like doth smother,
Loving it self, nor cares for any other.
Fie, be not burn'd thus in thine own desire,
'Tis needless Beauty should it self admire :
" The Sun, by which all Creatures light'ned be,
" And seeth all, it self yet cannot see ;
" And his own Brightness his own foil is made,
" And is to us the cause of his own shade.
When first thy Beauty by mine Eye was prov'd,
It saw not then so much to be lov'd ;
But when it came a perfect view to take,
Each Look of one, doth many Beauties make :
In little Circles first it doth arise,
Then somewhat larger seeming in mine Eyes ;
And in this circling Compass as it goes,
So more and more the same in Greatness grows ;
And as it yet at liberty is let,
The Motion still doth other Forms beget ;
Until at length, look any way I could,
Nothing there was but Beauty to behold.
Art thou offended, that thou art lov'd ?
Remove the cause, th' effect is soon remov'd ;
Indent with *Beauty* how far to extend,
Set down *Desire* a Limit where to end ;
Then charm thine *Eyes*, that they no more may
And limit *Love* to keep within a Bound. (wound
If this thou do'st, then shalt thou doe much more,
And bring to pals what never was before ;

Make

Make *Anguish* sportive, craving all Delight,
Mirth solemn, fullen, and inclin'd to Night,
Ambition lowly, *envy* speaking well,
Love, his Relief, for *Niggardize* to sell.

Our Warlike Fathers did these Forts devise,
As surest Holds against our Enemies,
Places wherein your Sex might safest rest.
“ Fear soon is settled in a Womans Breast :
Thy Breast is of another temper far,
And then thy Castle fitter for the War ;
Thou do'st not safely in thy Castle rest,
Thy Castle should be safer in thy Breast :
That keeps out Foes, but doth thy Friends include
But ah thy Breast keeps out both Friends and Foe
That may be batter'd, or be undermin'd,
Or by straight Siege, for want of succour pin'd;
But thy hard Heart's invincible to all,
And more obdurate then thy Castle Wall.
Of all the shapes that ever *Jove* did prove,
Wherewith he us'd to entertain his Love,
That likes me best, when in a golden Showre,
He rain'd himself on *Danae* in her Towre ;
Nor did I ever envy his command,
In that he bears the Thunder in his Hand ;
But in that showry shape I cannot be,
And as he came to her; I come to thee.

Thy Tow'r with Foes is not begirt about,
If thou within, they are besieg'd without ;
One Hair of thine, more vigour doth retain,
To bind thy Foe, then any Iron Chain :

Who might be giv'n in such a golden String,
Would not be captive, though he were a King.

Hadst thou all *India* heap'd up in thy Fort,
And thou thy self besieged in that sort,
Get thou but out, where they can thee espye,
They'll follow thee, and let the Treasure lye.
I cannot think what force thy Tower should win,
If thou thy self do'st guard the same within;
Thine Eye retains *Artillery* at will,
To kill whoever thou desir'st to kill;
For that alone more deeply wounds Mens Hearts,
Than they can thee, though with a thousand Darts;
For there intrenched, little *Cupid* lyes,
And from those Turrets all the World defies:

* And when thou let'st down that transparent Lid,
Of Entrance, there an Army doth forbid.

And as for *Famine*, her thou need'st not fear,
Who thinks of Want, when thou art present there?
Thy onely *fight* puts Spirit into the Blood,
And comforts Life, without the taste of Food.
And as thy Souldiers keep their Watch and Ward,
Thy *Chastity* thy inward Breast doth guard:
Thy modest *Pulse* serves as a Larum Bell,
Which watched by some wakefull *Sentinell*,
Is stirring still with every little Fear,
Warning, if any Enemy be near.

Thy vertuous *Thoughts*, when all the others rest,
Like carefull Scouts pass up and down thy Breast,
And still they round about that place do keep,
Whilst all the blessed Garrison do sleep.

But

But yet I fear, if that the truth were told,
 That thou hast rob'd, and fly'ft into this Hold:
 I thought as much, and didst this Fort devise,
 That thou in safety here might'ft tyrannize.
 Yes, thou hast robb'd the Heaven and Earth of
 And they against thy lawless Theft do call.
 Thine *Eyes*, with mine that wage continual War
 Borrow their brightness of the twinkling Stars:
 Thy *Lips*, from mine that in thy Mask be pent,
 Have filch'd the Blushing from the *Orient*:
 Thy *Cheek*, for which mine all this Pennance prove
 Steals the pure whiteness both from Swans & Dove.
 Thy *Breath*, for which, mine still in Sighs consume
 Hath robb'd all Flowers, all Odours and Perfume.
 O mighty Love! bring hither all thy Pow'r,
 And fetch this Heav'nly Thief out of her Tow'r
 For if she may be suff'ed in this sort,
 Heavens store will soon be hoarded in this Fort.

When I arriv'd before that State of Love,
 And saw thee on that Battlement above,
 I thought there was no other Heaven but there,
 And thou an Angel, didst from thence appear:
 But when my Reason did reprove mine Eye,
 That thou wert subject to Mortality,
 I then excus'd what the bold *Scot* had done;
 No marvel that he would the Fort have won,
 Perceiving well, those envious Walls did hide
 More wealth then was in all the World beside:
 Against thy Foe, I came to lend thee aid,
 And thus to thee, my self I have betray'd.

He is besieg'd, the Siege that came to raise,
There's no Assault that not my Breast allays.
" Love grown extream, doth find unlawfull Shifts,
" The Gods take shapes, and do allure with Gifts:
" Commanding *Jove*, that by great *Styx* doth swear
" Forsworn in Love, with Lovers Oaths doth bear;
" Love causeless still, doth aggravate his cause,
" It is his Law, to violate all Laws;
" His Reason is, in only wanting Reason,
" And were untrue, not deeply touch'd with Treason;
" Unlawfull Means, doth make his lawfull Gain,
" He speaks most true, when he the most doth feign.

Pardon the Faults that have escap'd by Me,
Against fair Vertue, Chastity and Thee:
" If Gods can their own Excellence excell,
" It is in pard'ning Mortals, that rebell.
When all thy *Trials* are enroll'd by *Fame*,
And all thy *Sex* made glorious by thy *Name*,
Then I a Captive shall be brought hereby,
To adorn the Triumph of thy *Chastity*.

I sue not now thy Paramour to be,
But as a Husband to be link'd to thee:
I'm *England's* Heir, I think thou wilt confess,
Wert thou a Prince, I hope I am no less;
But that thy Birth doth make thy Stock divine,
Else durst I boast my Bloud as good as thine:
Disdain me not, nor take my Love in scorn,
Whose Brow a Crown hereafter may adorn.
But what I am, I call mine own no more,
Take what thou wilt, and what thou wilt, restore;
Onely

Only I crave, whate'er I did intend,
 In faithfull Love all happily may end.
 Farewell, sweet Lady, so well may'st thou fare,
 To equal Joy with measure of my Care :
 Thy Vertues more then mortal Tongue can tell,
 A thousand-thousand times, Farewell, Farewell

ANNOTATIONS on the Chronicle History

Receive these Papers from thy wofull Lord.

BAndello, by whom this History was made famous, being Italian, as it is the Peoples custome in that Clime, rather to sail sometimes in the truth of Circumstance, then to forget the grace of their Conceit : in like manner as the Grecians ; of which the Satyrists,

Et quicquid Græcia mendax
 Audet in Historia.

Thinking it to be a greater Triall, that a Countess should be sued unto by a King, then by the son of a King ; and consequently, that the honour of her Chastitie should be the more, bathed it to be generally taken so : but as by Polydore, Fabian, and Froisard appears, the contrary is true. Yet may Bandello be very well excused, as being a stranger, whose errors in the truth of our History, are not so materiall, that they should need any reproof, lest his Wit should be defrauded of any part of his labour, which were not less, were every part a Fiction. However, a comment

a common error should prevail against a truth, these Epistles are conceived in those Persons, who were indeed the Actors: To wit, Edward, surnamed the Black Prince, not so much of his Complexion, as of the dismall Battels which he fought in France, (in like Sense as we may say, A black Day, for some Tragical event, though the Sun shine never so bright therein.) And Alice the Countess of Salisbury, who, as it is certain, was beloved of Prince Edward, so it is certain, that many Points now current in the received Story, can never hold together with likelihood of such inforcement, had it not been shaded under the Title of a King.

And when thou let'st down that transparent Lid.

Not that the Lid is transparent; for no part of the Skin is transparent: but for that the Gem which that Closure is said to contain, is transparent: for otherwise, how could the Mind understand by the Eye? Should not the Images slide thorow the same, and replenish the Stage of the Fancy? But this belongs to Opticks. The Latines call the Eye-lid Cilium (I will not say of Celando) as the Eye-brow Supercilium, and the Hair on the Eye-lids Palpebra, perhaps quod Palpitet, all which have their distinct and necessary uses.

ALICE

ALICE

Countess of SALISBURY

TO THE

BLACK PRINCE

AS One that fain would grant, yet fain deny
 'Twixt Hope and Fear I doubtfully reply
 A Womans Weakness, lest I should discover,
 Answering a Prince and writing to a Lover:
 And some say, Love with Reason doth dispence,
 And our plain words wrests to another sense.
 Think you not then, poor Women had not need
 Be well advis'd, to write what Men should read
 When being silent, but to move away,
 Doth often bring us into obloquy?
 " Whilst in our Hearts our secret Thoughts are
 " Th' invenom'd Tongue of Slander yet is there
 " But if once spoke, deliver'd up to *Fame*,
 " In her Report that often is to blame.
 About to write, but newly entring in,
 Methinks I end, e'er I can well begin:

When I would end, then something makes me stay,
For then methinks I should have more to say,
And some one thing remaineth in my Breast,
For want of Words that cannot be exprest:
What I would say, as said to thee, I feign
Then in thy Person I reply again:

And in thy Cause urge all that may effect,
Then, what again mine Honour must respect.
O Lord! what sundry Passions doe I try,
To set that right, which is so much awry?

Being a Prince, I blame you not to prove,
The greater reason to obtain your Love.
That Greatness which doth challenge no denial;
The only Test that doth allow my Tryal;
Edward so great, the greater were his fall,
And my Offence in this were capitall.

" To Men is granted priviledge to tempt,
" But in that Charter, Women be exempt:
" Men win us not, except we give consent,
" Against our selves unless that we be bent.
" Who doth impute it as a Fault to you?
" You prove not false, except we be untrue;
" It is your vertue, being Men, to try,
" And it is ours, by Vertue to deny.
" Your Faults it self serves for the Faults excuse,
" And makes it ours, though yours be the abuse.
" *Beauty* a Beggar, fie it is too bad,
" When in it self sufficiency is had;
" Not made a *Lure*, t' intice the wand'ring Eye,
" But an *Attire* t' adorn our *Modesty*:

" If *Modesty* and *Women* once do sever,
" We may bid farewell to our *Fame* for ever.

Let *John* and *Henry*, *Edward's* instance be,
Matilda and fair *Rosamond* for me ;

Alike both woo'd, alike su'd to be won,
'Th' one by the Father, th' other by the Son :
Henry obtaining, did our Weakness wound,
And lays the fault on wanton *Rosamond* ;
Matilda chaste, in life and death all one,
By her denial lays the fault on *John* :

" By these, we prove Men necessary still,
" But Women only Principals of Ill.

" What Praise is ours, but what our Vertues get

" If they be lent, so much we be in debt ;

" Whilst our own Honours we our selves defend,

" All force too weak, whatever Men pretend :

" If all the World else should stubborn our fame,

" 'Tis we our selves that overthrow the same ;

" Ah! how soe'r, although by force you win,

" Yet on our Weakness still returns the sin.

A virtuous Prince, who doth not *Edward* call?
And shall I then be guilty of your Fall?

Now God forbid ; yet rather let me dye,

Then such a Sin upon my Soul should lye.

Where is great *Edward* ? Whither is he led,

At whose victorious Name whole Armies fled?

Is that brave Spirit, that conquer'd so in *France*,

Thus overcome, and vanquish'd with a Glance?

Is that great Heart, that did aspire so high,

So soon transpierced with a Womans Eye?

He that a King at *Poitiers* Battel took,
Himself led Captive with a wanton Look ?
* Twice as a Bride to Church I have been led,
Twice have two Lords enjoy'd my Bridal Bed :
How can that Beauty yet be undestroy'd,
That years have wasted, and two Men enjoy'd ?
Or should be thought fit for a Princes store,
Of which, two Subjects were possess'd before ?

Let *Spain*, let *France*, or *Scotland* so prefer
Their Infant Queens, for *Englands* Dowager ;
That Bloud should be much more then half divine,
That should be equal ev'ry way with thine :
Yet Princely *Edward*, though I thus reprove you,
As mine own life so dearly do I love you.

My noble Husband, who so loved you,
That gentle Lord, that reverend *Mountague*,
Ne'r Mothers voyce did please her Babe so well,
As his did mine, of you to hear him tell :
I have made short the Hours, that Time made long,
And chain'd mine Ears to his most pleasing Tongue;
My Lips have waited on your Praises worth,
And snatcht his words, e'er he could get them forth :
When he had spoke, and something by the way
Hath broke off that he was about to say :
I kept in mind where from his Tale he fell,
Calling on him the residue to tell.
Oft he would say, How sweet a Prince is he !
When I have prais'd him, but for praising thee ,
And to proceed, I would intreat and woe,
And yet to ease him, help to praise thee too.

And must she now exclaim against the wrong
 Off'red by him whom she hath lov'd so long ?
 Nay, I will tell, and I durst almost swear,
Edward will blush, when he his Fault shall hear.
 Judge now that Time doth Youths desire assuage
 And Reason mildly quench the fire of Rage;
 By upright Justice let my Cause be try'd,
 And be thou judge, if I not justly chide.
 * That not my Father's grave and reverend years
 When on his Knee he beg'd me with his Tears,
 By no perswasions possibly could win,
 To free himself, from prompting me to Sin,
 The Woe for me my Mother did abide,
 Whose fate (but you) there's none would have
 Your lustfull Rage, your Tyranny could stay, (nor)
 Mine Honours Ruin further to delay.
 Have I not lov'd you ? let the Truth be shown,
 That still preserv'd your Honour with mine own
 Had your fond Will your soul Desires prevail'd,
 When you by them my Chastity assail'd ;
 (Though this no way could have excus'd my Fault
 " True vertue never yielded to Assault :)
 Besides the Ill of you that had been said,
 My Parents Sin had to your charge been laid ;
 * And I have gain'd my Liberty with shame,
 To save my Life, made Shipwreck of my Name
 Did *Roxborough* once vail her tow'ring Fane
 To thy brave Ensigns; on the Northern Plains?
 And to thy Trumpets, sounding from thy Tent,
 Mine oft again thee hearty Welcome sent,

And did receive thee as my Sovereign Liege,
Coming to aid me, thus me to besiege,
To raile a Foe, that but for Treasure came,
To plant a Foe, to take my honest Name;
Under pretence to have romov'd the Scot,
And would'st have won more then he could have
That did ingirt me, ready still to flye, (got
But thou lay'dst Batt'ry to my Chastity:
O Modesty, didst thou me not restrain,
How could I chide you in this angry vain!

A Princes Name (Heav'n knows) I do not crave,
To have those Honours *Edward's* Spouse should have,
Nor by Ambitious Lures will I be brought,
In my chast Breast to harbour such a Thought,
As to be worthy to be made a Bride,
A Piece unfit for Princely *Edward's* side;
Of all, the most unworthy of that grace,
To wait on her that should enjoy that place.
But if that Love, Prince *Edward* doth require,
Equal his Vertues, and my chast desire;
If it be such as we may justly vaunt,
A Prince may sue for, and a Lady grant;
If it be such as may suppress my Wrong,
That from your vain unbridled Youth hath sprung;
That Faith I send, which I from you receive:
* The rest unto your Princely Thoughts I leave.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History

Twice as a Bride I have to Church been led.

THE two Husbands of which she makes mention, objected Bigamy against her self, as being therefore not meet to be married with a Batchelour-Prince, were Sir Thomas Holland Knight, and Sir William Mountague, afterward made Earl of Salisbury.

That not my Fathers grave and rev'rend years.

A thing incredible, that any Prince should be so unjust, as the Fathers means for the corruption of the Daughters Chastity, though so the History importeth; her Father being so honourable and a Man of so singular desert: though Polydore would have her thought to be Jane, the Daughter to Edmund, Earl of Kent, Uncle to Edward the third, beheaded in the Protestation of Mortimer, that dangerous Aspirer.

And I have gain'd my Liberty with shame.

Roxborough is a Castle in the North, mis-termed by Beldello, Salisbury Castle, because the King had given it to the Earl of Salisbury: in which, her Lord being absent, the Castle by the Scots was besieged; who, by the coming of the English Army, were removed. Here first the Prince saw her, whose Liberty had been gained by her shame, had she been drawn by dishonest Love to satisfy his Appetite: but by her most praiseworthy Constancy, she converted that humour in him to an honourable purpose, and obtained the true reward of her admired Vertues.

The rest unto your Princely Thoughts I leave.

Left any thing be left out which were worth the Relation, it shall not be impertinent, to annex the Opinions that are uttered concerning her, whose Name is said to have been Elips : but that being rejected, as a Name unknown among us, Froisard is rather believed, who calleth her Alice. Polydore contrary-wise, as before is declared, names her Jane, who by Prince Edward had Issue, Edward dying young, and Richard the Second, King of England, though (as he saith) she was divorced afterward, because within the degrees of Consanguinity, prohibiting to marry : The truth whereof, I omit to discuss. Her Husband, the Lord Mountague, being sent over into Flanders by King Edward, was taken Prisoner by the French ; and not returning left his Countess a Widow : in whose Bed succeeded Prince Edward ; to whose last and lawful Request, the rejoyceful Lady sends this loving Answer.

FINIS.

F 4

Queen

Queen I S A B E L
T O
RICHARD the Second.

The A R G U M E N T.

Queen Isabel (the Daughter of Charles King of France) being the second Wife of Richard the second Son of Edward the Black Prince, Eldest Son of King Edward the third; at the said Richard her Husband was deposed by Henry Duke of Hereford, eldest Son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the fourth Son of Edward the third, this Lady when then very young was sent back into France without Dowry at what time the deposed King her Husband was sent from the Tower of London (as a Prisoner) unto Pomfret Castle: this poor Lady bewailing her Husband's Misfortunes, writeth this Epistle to him from France.

AS doth the yearly Augure of the Spring,
In depth of Woe, thus I my Sorrow sing;
My Tunes with Sighs yet ever mixt among,
A dolefull Burthen to a heavy Song:
Words issue forth, to find my Grief some way,
Tears overtake them and do bid them stay;
Thus whilst one strives to keep the other back,
Both once too forward, soon are both too slack.

If fatal *Pomfret* hath in former time
Nourish'd the Grief of that unnat'ral *Clime*,
Thither I send my Sorrows to be fed ;
Than where first born, where fitter to be bred ?
They unto *France* be Aliens, and unknown,
England from her doth challenge these her own.
They say, all Mischief cometh from the *North* ;
It is too true, my Fall doth set it forth :
But why should I thus limit Grief a place,
When all the World is fill'd with our Disgrace ?
And we in bonds thus striving to contain it,
The more resists, the more we do restrain it.

* Oh, how ev'n yet I hate these wretched Eyes,
And in my Glass oft call them faithless Spys !
(Prepar'd for *Richard*) that unawares did look
Upon that Traytor *Henry Bullenbrook* :
But that excess of Joy my Sense bereav'd
So much, my Sight had never been deceiv'd.
Oh, how unlike to my lov'd Lord was he,
Whom rashly I (sweet *Richard*) took for thee !
I might have seen the Courser's self did lack
That Princely Rider to bestride his Back ;
He that since Nature her great work began,
She onely made the Mirrour of a Man,
That when she meant to form some matchless Lim,
Still for a Pattern took some part of him ;
And jealous in her Cunning, brake the Mould,
When she in him had done the best she could.

Oh, let that Day be guilty of all Sin,
That is to come, or heretofore hath been,

* Wherein

* Wherein great *Norfolk's* forward Course
 To prove the Treasons he to *Harford* lay'd, (stay)
 When (with stern Fury) both these Dukes engag'd
 Their Warlike Gloves at *Coventry* engag'd,
 When first thou didst repeal thy former Grant,
 Seal'd to brave *Mowbray* as thy Combatant :

From his unnumbered Houres let Time divide it,
 Left in his Minutes he should hap to hide it ;
 Yet on his Brow continually to bear it ,
 That when it comes, all other Hours may fear it,
 And all ill-boding Planets, by consent,
 In it may hold their dreadfull Parliam^{nt} :
 Be it in Heav^{'ns} Decrees enrolled thus,
 Black, dismal, fatal, inauspicious.
 Proud *Harford* then, in height of all his Pride,
 Under great *Mowbray's* valiant Hand had dy'd,
 And never had from Banishment retir'd ;
 The fatal Brand wherewith our *Troy* was fir'd.

* Oh, why did *Charles* relieve his needy state!

A Vagabond and stragling Runagate ?

And in his Court, with grace did entertain
 That vagrant Exile, that vile bloody *Cain* ;
 Who with a thousand Mothers Curses went,
 Mark'd with the Brand of ten years Banishment.

* When thou to *Ireland* took'st thy last Farewell,
 Millions of Knees upon the Pavements fell,
 And ev'ry where th' applauding Ecchoes ring
 The joyfull shouts that did salute a King.
 Thy parting hence, the Pomp that did adorn ?
 Was vanish'd quite when as thou didst return ?

Who

Who to my Lord one Look vouchsaf'd to lend?
Then all too few on *Harford* to attend.

" Princes (like Suns) be evermore in sight,
" All see the Clouds, betwixt them and their Light:
" Yet they which lighten all beneath their Skies,
" See not the Clouds offending others Eyes,

" And deem their Noon-tide is desir'd of all,
" When all expect clear Changes by their Fall.

What colour seems to shadow *Harford's* claim,
When Law and Right his Fathers Hope do mayme?
* Affirm'd by Church-men (which should bear no
That *John* of *Gaunt* was illegitimate; (Hate)
Whom his reputed Mothers Tongue did spot,
By a base *Flemish* Boor to be begot;
Whom *Edward's* Eaglets mortally did shun,
Daring with them to gaze against the Sun:
Where lawfull Right and Conquest doth allow
A tripple Crown on *Richard's* Princely Brow;
Three Kingly Lyons bears his Bloody Field,
* No Bastard's Mark doth blot his conqu'ring Shield:

Never durst he attempt our hapless Shore,
Nor set his foot on fatal *Ravensthorpe*;
Nor durst his slugging Hulks approach the Strand,
Nor stoop a Top as signal to the Land,
Had not the *Piercies* promis'd ayd to bring,
Against their Oath unto their lawfull King,
* Against their Faith unto our Crown's true Heir,
Their valiant Kinsman *Edmund Mortimer*.

When I to *England* came, a World of Eyes,
Like Stars attended on my fair Arise,

Which

Which now (alas) like angry *Planets* frown,
 And are all set, before my going down :
 The smooth-fac'd Air did on my coming smile,
 But I with Storms am driven to Exile :
 But *Bullenbrook* devis'd we thus should part,
 Fearing two Sorrows should possess one Heart,
 To add to our affliction, to deny
 That one poor Comfort, left our Misery.
 He had before divorc'd thy Crown and thee,
 Which might suffice, and not to Widow me ;
 But so to prove the utmost of his hate,
 To part us in this miserable state.

* Oh, would *Aumerl* had sunk, when he betray'd
 The Plot, which once that noble Abbot laid ;
 When he infring'd the Oath which he first took,
 For thy Revenge on perjur'd *Bullenbrook* ;
 And been the rancome of our Friends dear Blood
 Untimely lost, and for the Earth too good,
 And we untimely do bewail their state,
 They gone too soon, and we remain too late.

And though with Tears I from my Lord depart
 This Curse on *Harford* fall, to ease my Heart :
 If the foul breach of a chaste Nuptial Bed
 May bring a Curse, my Curse light on his Head :
 If Murthers guilt with Bloud may deeply stain,
 * *Green*, *Scroop* and *Busby* dye his fault in grain,
 If Perjury may Heav'n's pure Gates debar,
 * Damn'd be the Oath he made at *Doncaster* ;
 If the deposing of a lawfull King,
 Thy Curse condemn'd him, if no other thing ;

If this dis-joyn'd, for Vengeance cannot call,
Let them united, strongly curse him all.

And for the *Piercies*, Heav'n may hear mp Pray'r,
That *Bullenbrook*, now plac'd in *Richard's* Chair,
Such cause of Woe to their proud Wives may be,
As those rebellious Lords have been to me.

And that coy Dame, which now controlleth all,
And in her Pomp triumpheth in my Fall,
For her great Lord may water her sad Eyne
With as salt Tears, as I have done for mine.

* And mourn for *Henry Hotspur*, her dear Son,
As I for my dear *Mortimer* have done ;
And as I am, so succourless be sent,
Lastly, to tast perpetual Banishment.

Then lose thy Care, when first thy Crown was
Sell it so dearly, for it dearly cost : (lost,

And since it did of Liberty deprive thee.

Burying thy Hope, let nothing else out-live thee.

But hard (God knows) with Sorrow doth it go,

When Woe becomes a comforter to Woe :

Yet much (me thinks) of Comfort I could say,

If from my Heart some Fears were rid away ;

Something there is, that danger still doth show,

But what it is that Heaven alone doth know :

" Grief to it self most dreadfull doth appear,

" And never yet was Sorrow void of fear ,

But yet in Death doth Sorrow hope the best,

And *Richard* thus I wish thee happy Rest.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History.

If fatal Pomfret hath in former time.

Pomfret Castle, ever a fatal place to the Princes of England
and most ominous to the Bloud of Plantaginet.

Oh, how even yet I hate these wretched Eyes,
And in my Glafs, &c.

When Bullenbrook returned to London from the War
bringing Richard a Prisoner with him; the Queen, who last
knew of her Husband's hard Success, stay'd to behold his coming
in, little thinking to have seen her Husband thus led in Triumph
by his Foe: and now seeming to hate her Eyes, that so much
graced her mortal Enemy.

Wherein great Norfolk's forward Course was stay'd

She remembreth the meeting of the two Dukes of Harford
and Norfolk at Coventry, urging the justness of Mowbray's
Quarrel against the Duke of Harford, and the faithfull
rance of his Victory.

Oh, why did Charles relieve his needy state?
A Vagabond, &c.

Charles the French King her Father, received the Duke
Harford, and relieved him in France, being so nearly allied
Cousin German to King Richard, his Son in Law; which
did simply, little thinking that he should after return to England
and dispossess King Richard of the Crown.

When thou to Ireland took'st thy last Farewell.

King Richard made a Voyage with his Army into Ireland, against Onell and Mackmur, who rebelled: at what time, Henry entred here at home, and robbed him of all Kingly Dignity.

Affirm'd by Church-men (which should bear no Hate)
That John of Gaunt was illegitimate.

William Wickham, in the great Quarrel betwixt John of Gaunt and the Clergy, of meer Spight and Malice (as it should seem) reported, That the Queen confessed to him on her Death-Bed, being then her Confessor, That John of Gaunt was the Son of a Flemming, and that she was brought to Bed of a Woman-child at Gaunt, which was smothered in the Cradle by mischance, and that she obtained this Child of a poor Woman, making the King believe it was her own, greatly fearing his displeasure. Fox. ex Chron. Alban.

No Bastards Mark doth blot his conq'ring Shield.

Shewing the true and indubitate Birth of Richard, his Right Heir unto the Crown of England, as carrying the Arms without Blot or Difference.

Against their Faith unto the Crowns true Heir,
Their valiant Kinsman, &c.

Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, son of Earl Roger Mortimer, which was Son to Lady Philip, Daughter to Lionel, Duke of Clarence, the third Son to King Edward the third; which Edmund (King Richard going into Ireland) was proclaimed Heir apparent to the Crown; whose Aunt, called

led Elinor, this Lord Piercy had married.

*Oh, would Aumerl had sunk when he betray'd
The Plot, which once that Noble Abbot laid!*

The Abbot of Westminster had plotted the Death of King Henry, to have been done at a Tilt at Oxford: Of this Confederacy, there was John Holland, Duke of Excester, Thomas Holland, Duke of Surrey, the Duke of Aumerl, Montacute Earl of Salisbury, Spencer Earl of Gloucester, the Bishop of Carlile, Sir Thomas Blunt; these all had bound themselves one to another by Indenture to perform it, but were betrayed by the Duke of Aumerl.

Scroop, Green and Bushy dye his Fault in grain.

Henry going towards the Castle of Flint, where King Richard was, caused Scroop, Green and Bushy to be executed as traitors, as vile Persons, which had seduced the King to this late ruinous and wicked life.

Damn'd be the Oath he made at Doncaster.

After Henry's exile, at his return into England he took Oath at Doncaster, upon the Sacrament, not to claim the Crown or Kingdom of England, but only the Dukedome of Lancaster his own proper Right, and the Right of his Wife.

*And mourn for Henry Hotspur, her dear Son,
As I for my, &c.*

This was the brave courageous Henry Hotspur, that obtained so many Victories against the Scots; which, after falling right with the Curse of Queen Isabel, was slain by Henry the Battel at Shrewsbury.

FINIS.

RICHARD the Second

T O

Queen ISABEL.

What can my Queen but hope for from this
(Hand,
That it should write, which never could command?
A Kingdoms Greatness think how he should sway,
That wholesome Counsel never could obey:
Ill this rude Hand did guide a Scepter then,
Worse now (I fear me) it will rule a Pen.

How shall I call my self, or by what Name,
To make thee know from whence these Letters
(came?

Not from thy Husband, for my hateful Life
Makes thee a Widdow, being yet a Wife:
Nor from a King; that Title I have lost,
Now of that Name, proud *Bullenbrook* may boast:
What I have been, doth but this comfort bring,
No words so wofull, as, *I was a King*.

This lawless Life, which first procur'd my Hate,
* This Tongue, which then renounc'd my Regal
State;

This abject Soul of mine consenting to it,
This Hand, that was the Instrument to doe it;

G

All

All these be witness, that I now deny
All Princely Types, all Kingly Sovereignty.

Didst thou for my sake leave thy Fathers Court,
Thy famous Country, and thy Princely Port,
And undertook't to travel dang'rous Ways,

Driven by aukward Winds and boyst'rous Seas?

* And left'st great *Burbon*, for thy love to me,
Who su'd in Marriage to be link'd to thee,
Offering for Dower the Countries neighb'ring nigh
Of fruitfull *Almaine*, and rich *Burgundie*?

Didst thou all this, that *England* should receive thee
To miserable Banishment to leave thee?

And in my Down-fall, and my Fortunes wrack,
Thus to thy Country to convey thee back?

When quiet Sleep (the heavey Hearts Relief)
Hath rested Sorrow, somewhat less'ned Grief,
My passed Greatness into mind I call,

And think this while I dreamed of my Fall:

With this Conceit my Sorrows I beguile,

That my fair Queen is but with drawn a while,

And my Attendants in some Chamber by,

As in the height of my Prosperity.

Calling a loud, and asking who is there?

The Eccho answ'ring, tels me, Woe is there;

And when mine Arms would gladly thee enfold,

I clip the Pillow, and the place is cold:

Which when my waking Eyes precisely view,

'Tis a true token, that it is too true.

As many Minutes as in the Hours there be,
So many Hours each Minute seems to me;

Each Hour a Day, Morn, Noon-tide, and a Set,
 Each Day a Year, with Miseries compleat ;
 A Winter, Spring-time, Summer and a Fall,
 All Seasons varying, but unseasoned all :
 In endless Woe my thred of Life thus wears,
 In Minutes, Hours, Days, by Months, to lingring
 (Years.

They praise the Summer, that enjoy the South ;
Pomfret is closed in the Norths cold Mouth :
 There pleasant Summer dwelleth all the Year,
 Frost-starved-Winter doth inhabit here ;
 A place wherein Despair may fitly dwell,
 Sorrow best suiting with a cloudy Cell.

* When *Harford* had his Judgement of Exile,
 Saw I the People's murmuring the while ;
 Th'uncertain Commons touch'd with inward Care,
 As though his Sorrows mutually they bare :
 Fond Women, and scarce-speaking Children mourn,
 Bewayle his parting, wishing his return.

* That I was forc'd t'abridg his banish'd Years,
 When they be dew'd his Foot-steps with their
 (Tears ;

Yet by example could not learn to know,
 To what his Greatness by their Love might grow :

* But *Henry* boasts of our Atchievements don,
 Bearing the Trophies our great Fathers won,
 And all the story of our famous War,
 Must grace the Annals of Great *Lancaster*.

* Seven goodly Siens in their Spring did flourish,
 Which one self-Root brought forth, one Stock did
 nourish :

* *Edward* the top-Branch of that golden Tree,
Nature in him her utmost power did see ;
Who from the Bud still blossomed so fair,
As all might judge what Fruit it meant to bare :
But I his Graft, of ev'ry Weed o'er-grown,
And from our kind, as Refuse forth am thrown.

* We from our Grandfire stood in one Degree,
But after *Edward*, *John* the young'st of three.
Might Princely *Wales* beget a Son so base,
(That to *Gaunt*'s Issue should give Sovereign place)

* He that from *France* brought *John* his Prisoner
(home

As those great *Cæsars* did their Spoils to *Rome*,

* Whose Name obtained by his fatal Hand,
Was ever fearfull to that conquer'd Land:
His Fame encreasing, purchas'd in those Wars,
Can scarcely now be bounded with the Stars ;
With him is Valour from the base World fled,
(Or here in me is it extinguished ?)

Who for his Vertue, and his Conquests sake,
Posterity a Demy-god shall make ;
And judge, this vile and abject Spirit of mine,
Could not proceed from temper so divine.

What Earthly Humour, or what vulgar Eye
Can look so low, as on our Misery ?

When *Bullenbrook* is mounted to our Throne,
And makes that his, which we but call'd our own
Into our Counsels he himself intrudes,
And who but *Henry* with the Multitudes ?

His Power desgrades, his dreadfull Frown disgraceth
 He throws them down, whom our Advancement^t
 (placeth ;

As my disable and unworthy Hand
 Never had Power, belonging to Command.

He treads our sacred Tables in the dust,
 * And proves our Acts of Parliment unjust,
 As though he hated, that it should be said,
 That such a Law by *Richard* once was made ;

Whilst I deprest before his Greatness, lye
 Under the weight of Hate and Infamy.
 My Back a Foot-stool *Bullenbrook* to raise,
 My Looseness mock'd, and hatefull by his praise,
 Out-live mine Honour, bury my Estate,
 And leave my self nought, but my Peoples Hate.

(Sweet Queen) Ile take all Counsel thou canst
 (give,

So that thou bidst me neither hope nor live ;
 " Succour that comes, when Ill hath done his worst,
 " But sharpens Grief, to make us more accurst.

Comfort is now unpleasing to mine Eare,
 Past cure, past care, my Bed become my Bier :
 Since now Misfortune humbleth us so long,
 Till Heaven be grown unmindfull of our Wrong ;
 Yet it forbid my Wrongs should ever dye,
 But still remembred to Posterity :

And let the Crown be fatal that he wears,
 And ever wet with wofull Mothers Tears.

Thy Curse on *Percy*, angry Heavens prevent,
 Who have not one Curse left, on him unsent,

To scourge the World, now borrowing of my store
 As rich of Woe, as I a King am poor.
 Then cease (dear Queen) my Sorrows to bewaile
 My Wound's too great for Pity now to heale;
 Age stealeth on, whilst thou complaine'st thus,
 My Grief be mortal and infectious:
 Yet better Fortunes thy fair Youth may try,
 That follow thee, which still from me doth fly.

ANNOTATIONS on the Chronicle History.

This Tongue, which then denounc'd my Regal State

Richard the Second, at the Resignation of the Crown to the Duke of Harford, in the Tower of London, (delivering the same with his own hand) there confessed his disability to govern, utterly denouncing all Kingly Authority.

And left'st great Burbon, for thy love to me.

Before the Princess Isabel was married to the King, Lewis Duke of Burbon sued to have had her in Marriage; which was thought he had obtained, if this Motion had not fallen out in the mean time. This Duke of Burbon sued again to have received her, at her coming into France, after the imprisonment of King Richard; but King Charles her Father then crossed him, before, and gave her to Charles, son to the Duke of Orleans.

When *Harford* had his Judgement of Exile.

When the Combats should have been at Coventry, betwixt Henry Duke of Harford, and Thomas Duke of Norfolk (where Harford was adjudged to Banishment for ten years) the Commons exceedingly lamented; so greatly was he ever favoured of the People.

Then being forc'd t'abridge his banish'd years.

When the Duke came to take his leave of the King, being then at Eltham, the King, to please the Commons, rather then for any love he bare to Harford, repealed four years of his Banishment.

But *Henry* boasts of our Atchievements done.

Henry, the eldest son of John, Duke of Lancaster, at the first, Earle of Darby, then created Duke of Harford; after the death of Duke John, his father, was Duke of Lancaster and Hartford, Earl of Darby Liecester, and Lincoln: and after he had obtained the Crown, was called by the name of Bullenbrook, which is a Town in Lincolnshire; as usually all the Kings of England bare the name of the place where they were born.

Seven goodly Siens in their Spring did flourish.

Edward the third had seven sons; Edward, Prince of Wales, after called the Black-Prince; William of Hatfield, the second; Lionel, Duke of Clarence, the third; John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the fourth; Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, the fifth; Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, the sixth; William of Windsor, the seventh.

Edward the top-branch of that golden Tree.

As disabling Henry Bullenbrook, being but Son of the former Brother ; William and Lionel being both before John of Gaunt

He that from *France* brought *John* his Prisoner home

Edward the Black-Prince taking John, King of France Prisoner, at the Battel of Poictiers, brought him into England where, at the Savoy, he died.

Whose Name atchieved by his fatal hand.

Called the Black-Prince, not so much of his Complexion, as of the famous Battels he fought ; as is shewed before, in the Gloss upon the Epistle of Edward to the Countess of Salisbury.

And proves our Acts of Parliament unjust.

In the next Parliament, after Richard's Resignation of the Crown, Henry caused to be annihilated all the Laws made in the Parliament, called the Wicked Parliament, held in the twentieth year of King Richards Reign.

F I N I S.

Queen

Queen KATHERINE
TO
OWEN TUDOR.

The ARGUMENT.

After the Death of Henry the fifth, Queen Katherine Dowager of England and France, Daughter to Charles the French King, holding her Estate with Henry her Son (then Sixth of that name) falleth in Love with Owen Tudor a Welchman, a brave and gallant Gentleman of the Wardrobe to the young King her Son, yet fearing if her Love should be discover'd, the Nobility would cross her purposed Marriage; or if her Princely promise should not assure his good success, the high and great Attempt might (perhaps) daunt the forwardness of this modest and shamefull Youth; She therefore writes to him this following Epistle.

Judge not a Princes worth impeach'd hereby,
That Love thus triumphs over Majesty;
Nor think less Vertue in this Royal Hand,
That it intreats, and wonted to command:
For in this sort, tho' humbly now it woo, (to.
The day hath been, thou would'st have kneel'd un-
Nor think, that this submission of my State
Proceeds from Frailty (rather judge it Fate.)

Alcides ne'r more fit for Wars stern Shock,
Then when with Women spinning at the Rock;
Never

Never less Clouds did *Phæbus* glory dim,
 Then in a Clowns shape when he covered him,
Joves great Command was never more obey'd,
 Then when a Satyrs Antick parts he play'd.
 He was thy King, who su'd for love to me,
 And she his Queen, who sues for love to thee.
 When *Henry* was, my love was only his,
 But by his death, it *Owen Tudors* is ;
 My love to *Owen*, him my *Henry* giveth,
 My love to *Henry*, in my *Owen* liveth :
Henry woo'd me, whilst Wars did yet increase,
 I woo my *Tudor*, in sweet calms of Peace ;
 To force Affection, he did Conquest prove,
 I come with gentle Arguments of Love.

* Incamp'd at *Melans*, in Wars hot Alarms;
 First saw I *Henry*, clad in Princely Arms ;
 At pleasant *Windsor*, First these Eyes of mine
 My *Tudor* judg'd, for wit and shape divine ;
Henry abroad, with Puissance and with Force,
Tudor at home, with Courtship and Discourse :
 He then, thou now, I hardly can judge whether
 Did like me best, *Plantaginet*, or *Tether* ;
 A March, a Measure, Battel, or a Dance,
 A Courtly Rapier, or a conqu'ring Launce.
 His Princely Bed hath strength'ned my Renown,
 * And on my Temples set a double Crown ;
 Which glorious Wreath (as *Henrys* lawfull Heir)
Henry the sixth upon his Brow doth bear.
 * At *Troy* in *Champaign* he did first enjoy
 My Bridal Rites, to *England* brought from *Troy*;

In *England* now that Honour thou shalt have,
Which once in *Champaign* famous *Henry* gave.

I seek not Wealth, three Kingdoms in my Power;
If these suffice not, where shall be my Dower?

Sad Discontent may ever follow her,
Which doth base Pelf, before true Love prefer;

If Titles still could our Affections tye,
What is so great, but Majesty might buy?

As I seek thee, so Kings doe me desire;
To what they would, thou eas'ly may'st aspire.

That sacred Fire once warm'd my Heart before,
The Fuell fit, the Flame is now the more;

And means to quench it, I in vain doe prove,

"We may hide Treasure, but not hide our Love:

And since it is thy Fortune thus to gain it,
It were too late, nor will I now restrain it.

* Nor these great Titles vainly will I bring,
Wife, Daughter, Mother, Sister to a King,
Of Grandfire, Father, Husband, Son and Brother,
More thou alone to me then all these other.

* Nor fear, my *Tudor*, that this love of mine
Should wrong the *Gaunt*-born, great *Lancastrian*
(Line,

* Or make the *English* Blood, the Sun and Moon,
Repine at *Lorain*, *Burdon*, *Alanson*;

Nor doe I think there is such different ods,
They should alone be numbred with the Gods:

Of *Cadmus* Earthly Issue reck'ning us,
And they from *Jove*, *Mars*, *Neptune*, *Eolus*?

Of great *Latona's* O'ff-spring onely they,
 And wee the Brats of wofull *Niobe*.
 Our famous Grandfires (as their own) bestrid
 That Horſe of Fame, that God-begotten Steed,
 Whoſe bounding Hoof plow'd that *Boetian* Spring,
 Where thoſe ſweet Maids of Memory doe ſing.

* I claim not all from *Henry*, but as well
 To be the Child of *Charles* and *Iſabel* (grow
 Nor can I think from whence their Grief ſhould
 That by this Match they be diſparag'd ſo;

* When *John* and *Longſhanks* Iſſue were aſſy'd,
 And to the Kings of *Wales* in Wedlock ty'd,
 Shewing the greatneſſe of your Blood thereby,
 Your Race and Royal Conſanguinity :

And *Wales*, as well as haughty *England* boaſts,

* Of *Camilot*, and all her Pentecoſts ;

To have precedence in *Pendragons* Race,

At *Arthur's* Table challenging the Place.

If by the often Conqueſt of your Land,
 They boaſt the Spoiles of their victorious Hand;
 If theſe our ancient Chronicles be true,
 They altogether are not free from you.

* When bloody *Rufus* ſought your Towns to ſack,
 Twice entring *Wales*, yet twice was beaten back;
 When famous *Cambria* waſh'd her in the Flood,
 Made by th' effuſion of the *Engliſh* Blood ;

* And oft return'd with glorious Victory,
 From *Worceſter*, *Her'ford* *Cheſter*, *Shrewsbury*;
 Whoſe Power in ev'ry Conqueſt ſo prevails,
 As once expulſ'd the *Engliſh* out of *Wales*.

Although

Although my Beauty made my Countries Peace,
And at my Bridal former Broils did cease;
More then his Power, had not his Person been,
I had not come to *England* as a Queen.
Nor took I *Henry* to supply my want,
Because in *France* that time my choice was scant,
When it had robb'd all *Christendom* of Men,
And *Englands* Flower remain'd amongst us then:
Gluoster, whose Counsels (*Nestor*-like) assist;
Couragious *Bedford*, that great Martiallist;
Clarence, for Vertue honour'd of his Foes;
And *Tork*, whose Fame yet daily greater grows;
Warwick the pride of *Nevil's* haughty Race;
Great *Salisbury*, so fear'd in ev'ry place:
That valiant *Pool*, whom no Atchievement dar's;
And *Vere*, so famous in the *Irish* Wars;
Who, though my self so great a Princess born,
The best of these, my equal need not scorn:
But *Henry's* rare Perfections, and his parts,
As conqu'ring Kingdoms, so he conquer'd Hearts.
As chaste was I to him, as Queen might be,
But freed from him, my chaste love vow'd to thee;
Beauty doth fetch all Favour from thy Face,
All perfect Court-ship resteth in thy Grace;
If thou discourse, my Lips such Accents break,
As Love a Spirit forth of thee seem'd to speak.
The *Brittish* Language, which our Vowels wants,
And jarrs so much upon harsh Consonants,
Comes with such grace from thy mellifluous
As the sweet Notes doe of a well-set Song, (Tongue
And

And runs as smoothly from those Lips of thine,
 As the pure *Tuskan* from the *Florentine*;
 Leaving such seas'ned sweetness in the Ear,
 That the Voyce past, the sound abides still there,
 In *Nisus* Tower, as when *Apollo* lay,
 And on his golden Viol us'd to play; (drown'd
 Where fenceless Stones were with such Musick
 As many years they did retain the Sound.

Let not the Beams, that Greatness doth reflect,
 Amaze thy Hopes with timorous respect;
 Assure thee, *Tudor*, Majesty can be
 As kind in love, as can the mean'st degree,
 And the embraces of a Queen as true
 As theirs, which think them much advanc'd by you
 When in our Greatness, our Affections crave
 Those secret Joyes, that other Women have:
 So I (a Queen) be soveraign in my choice,
 Let others fawn upon the publick voice;
 Or what (by this) can ever hap to thee,
 Light in respect, to be belov'd of me?
 Let peevish Wordlings prate of Right and Wrong,
 Leave Plaints and Pleas, to whom they doe belong
 Let old Men speak of Chances and Events,
 And Laywers talk of Titles and Descents,
 Leave fond Reports to such as Stories tell,
 And Covenants, to those that buy and sell:
 Love, my sweet *Tudor*, that becomes thee best;
 And to our good success refer the rest.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History.

Incamp'd at *Melans*, in Wars hot Alarms,
First, &c.

NEAR unto *Melans*, upon the River of *Seyne*, was the appointed place of Parley between the two Kings of England and France; to which place, *Isabel*, the Queen of France, and the Duke of *Rurgoyne*, brought the young Princess *Katherine*, where King *Henry* first saw her.

And on my Temples set a double Crown.

Henry the fifth, and Queen *Katherine*, were taken as King & Queen of France; and during the life of *Charles the French King*, *Henry* was called King of England, and Heir of France: and after the death of *Henry the fifth*, *Henry the sixth*, his son, then being very young, was crown'd at *Paris*, as true and lawfull King of England and France.

At *Troy* in *Champaine* he did first enjoy.

Troy in *Champaine*, was the place where that victorious King *Henry the fifth* married the Princess *Katherine*, in the presence of the chief Nobility of the Realms of England and France.

Nor these great Titles vainly will I bring,
Wife, Daughter, Mother, &c.

Few Queens of England, or France, were ever more Princely allied then this Queen, as it hath been noted by Historiographers.

Nor

Nor fear, my Tudor, that this love of mine.
Should wrong the Gaunt-born, &c.

Noting the Descent of Henry her Husband from John, Duke of Lancaster, the fourth son of Edward the third; which Duke John was surnamed Gaunt, of the City of Gaunt in Flanders, where he was born.

Or make the English Blood, the Sun and Moon,
Repine, &c.

Alluding the Greatness of the English Line, to Phœbus and Phœbe, fained to be the Children of Latona, whose Heavenly kind might scorn to be joyned with any Earthly Progeny, yet withall, boasting the Blood of France, as not inferior to theirs. And with this Allusion; followeth on the History of the Strife betwixt Juno and the Race of Cadmus, whose Issue was afflicted by the Wrath of Heaven. The Children of Niobe slain for which the wofull Mother became a Rock, gushing forth continually a Fountain of Tears.

When John and Longshanks Issue were affy'd.

Lewellin, or Leolin ap Iorwith, Married Joan, daughter to King John, a most beautifull Lady. Some Authors affirm that she was base born. Lewellin ap Gryfith Married Eleanor daughter to Simon Monfort, Earl of Leicester, and Cousin Edward Longshanks; both which Lewellins were Princes of Wales.

Of Camilot, and all her Pentecosts,
To have precedence, &c.

Camilot the Ancient Palace of King Arthur; to which place

all the Knights of that famous Order yearly repaired at Pentecost, according to the Law of the Table : and most of the famous home born Knights were of that Country ; as to this day is perceived by their ancient Monuments.

When bloody Rufus fought your utter sack.

Noting the ill success which William Rufus had in two Voyages he made into Wales ; in which, a number of his chief Nobility were slain.

And oft return'd with glorious Victory.

Noting the divers sundry Incursions that the Welshmen made into England, in the time Rufus, John, Henry the second, and Longshanks.

OWEN TUDOR

T O

Queen KATHERINE.

W Hen first mine Eyes beheld your Princely
 (Name,
 And found from whence this friendly Letter came ;
 As in excess of Joy, I had forgot,
 Whether I saw it, or I saw it not :

H

My

My panting Heart doth bid mine Eyes proceed,
 My daz'led Eyes invite my Tongue to read ;
 Which wanting their direction, dully mist it :
 My Lips, which should have spoke, were dumb
 (and kist it)

And lest the Paper in my trembling Hand,
 When all my Senses did amazed stand ;
 Ev'n as a Mother coming to her Child,
 Which from her presence hath been long exil'd,
 With gentle Arms his tender Neck doth strain,
 Now kissing it, now clipping it again ;
 And yet excessive Joy deludes her so,
 As still she doubts, if this be hers, or no.

At length awakened from this pleasing Dream,
 When Passion some what left to be extream,
 My longing Eyes with their fair Object meet,
 Where ev'ry Letter's pleasing, ev'ry Word is sweet.

It was not *Henry's* Conquest, nor his Court,
 That had the power to win me by report ;
 Nor was his dreadfull Terror-striking Name,
 The cause that I from *Wales* to *England* came ;
 For Christian *Rhodes*, and our Religious Truth,
 To great Atchieuement first had won my Youth :
 This brave Adventure did my Valour prove,
 Before I e'er knew what it was to love.
 Nor came I hither by some poor event,
 But by th' Eternal Destinies consent ;
 Whose uncompriſed Wisedom did fore-see,
 That you in Marriage should be link'd to me.

By our great *Merlin* was it not fore-told,
(Amongst his holy Prophecies enrol'd)
When first he di'd of *Tudors* Name divine,
That Kings and Queens should follow in our Line;
* And that the Helm (the *Tudors* ancient Crest)
Should with the golden Flower-de-luce be drest;
As that the Leek (our Countries chief Renown)
Should grow with Roses in the *English* Crown.
As *Charles* his Daughter, you the Lilly were,
As *Henry's* Queen, the blushing Rose you bear;
By *France's* Conquest, and by *Englands* Oath,
You are the true made Dowager of both;
Both in your Crown, both in your Cheek together,
Joyn *Tethers* love to yours, and yours to *Tether*.

Then cast no future Doubts, nor fear no Hate,
When it so long hath been fore-told by Fate;
And by the all-disposing doom of Heav'n,
Before our Births, we to one Bed were giv'n.
No *Pallas* here, nor *Juno* is at all,
When I to *Venus* yeild the golden Ball;
Nor when the *Grecians* Wonder I enjoy,
None in revenge to kindle fire in *Troy*:

And have not strange events divin'd to us,
That in our love we should be prosperous?
* When in thy presence I was call'd to dance,
In lofty Tricks whilst I my self advance,
And in a Turn, my footing fail'd by hap,
Was't not my chance to light into your Lap?
Who would not judge it Fortunes greatest grace,
Since he must fall, to fall in such a place?

His Birth from Heav'n, your *Tudor* not derived
 Nor stands on tip-toes in Superlatives,
 Although the envious *English* doe devise
 A thousand Jestes of our Hyperbolies;
 Nor doe I claim that Plot by ancient Deeds,
 Where *Phabus* pastures fire-breathing Steeds;
 Nor doe I boast my God-made Grandfires Scars,
 Nor Gyants Trophies in the *Titan's* Wars;
 Nor saie my Birth (your Princely Ears to please)
 By three Nights getting, as was *Hercules*;
 Nor doe I forge my long Descent to run
 From aged *Neptune*, or the glorious Sun:
 * And yet in *Wales*, with them that famous be,
 Our learned *Bards* doe sing my Pedigree;
 * And boast my Birth from great *Cadwallader*,
 * From old *Caer-Septon*, in Mount *Pallador*;
 * And from *Eneons* Line, the *South-Wales* King,
 By *Theodor*, the *Tudors* Name doe bring.
 My Royal Mothers Princely Stock began,
 * From her great Grandam, fair *Gwenellian*;
 By true descent from *Leoline* the Great,
 As well from *North-Wales*, as fair *Powyslands* See
 Though for our Princely Genealogy,
 I doe not stand to make Apology;
 Yet who with Judgments true impartial Eyes,
 Shall look from whence our Name at first did rise
 Shall find, that Fortune is to us in debt;
 And why not *Tudor*, as *Plantaginet*?
 * Nor that term *Croggen*, Nick-name of disgrace
 Us'd as a by-word now in ev'ry place,

Shall blot our Blood, or wrong a *Welshman's* Name,
 Which was at first begot with *England's* shame.
 Our valiant Swords our Right did still maintain,
 Against that cruel, proud, usurping *Dane*,
 Buckling besides in many dang'rous Fights,
 With *Norways*, *Sweethearts* and with *Muscovites* ;
 * And kept our Native Language now thus long,
 And to this day yet never chang'd our Tongue :
 When they which now our Nation fain would tame,
 Subdu'd, have lost their Country and their Name.
 Nor ever could the *Saxons* Swords provoke
 Our *Britain* Necks to bear their servile Yoke :
 Where *Cambria's* pleasant Countries bounded be
 With swelling *Severn* and the holy *De* ;
 And since great *Brutus* first arriv'd, have stood,
 The only remnant of the *Trojan* Blood.
 To every Man is not allotted Chance,
 To boast with *Henry*, to have conquer'd *France* :
 Yet if my Fortunes be thus rais'd by thee,
 This may presage a further good to me ;
 And our Saint *David*, in the *Britains* Right,
 May joyn with *George*, the Sainted *English* Knight ;
 * And old *Caermarden*, *Merlin's* famous Town,
 Not scorn'd by *London*, though of such renown.
 Ah, would to God, that Hour my Hopes attend,
 Were with my Wish brought to desired end !
 Blame me not, Madam, though I thus desire,
 Many there be, that after you enquire ;
 Till now your Beauty in Nights Bosome slept,
 What Eye durst stir, where awfull *Henry* kept ?

Who durst attempt to sail but near the Bay,
 Where that all-conqu'ring great *Alcides* lay?
 Your Beauty now is set a Royal Prize,
 And Kings repair to cheapen Merchandize.
 If you but walk to take the breathing Ayre,
 • *Orithia* makes me, that I *Boreas* fear;
 If to the Fire, *Jove* once in Lightning came,
 And fair *Egina* makes me fear the flame;
 If in the Sun, then sad Suspicion dreams
Phæbus should spread *Luciothoe* in his Beams;
 If in a Fountain you do cool your Blood,
Neptune I fear, which once came in a Floud;
 If with your Maids, I dread *Apollo's* Rape,
 Who cou'sned *Chion* in an old Wives shape;
 If you do banquet, *Bacchus* makes me dread,
 Who in a Grape *Erigone* did feed;
 And if my self your Chamber-door should keep,
 Yet fear I *Hermes* coming in a 'leep
 Pardon (sweet Queen) if I offend in this,
 In these Delays, Love most impatient is;
 And Youth wants pow'r his hot Spleen to suppress
 When Hope already banquets in Excess.

Though *Henry's* Fame in me you shall not find,
 Yet that which better shall content your mind;
 But cnelly in the Title of a King
 Vvas his advantage, in no other thing:
 If in his love more pleasure you did take,
 Never let Queen trust *Britain*, for my sake.
 Yet judge me not from Modesty exempt,
 That I another *Phaetons* Charge attempt;

My Mind, that thus your Favours dare aspire,
 Shews, that 'tis touch't with a celestial fire;
 If I'm in fault, the more is Beauties blame,
 VVhen she her self is author of the same:
 " All Men to some one quality incline,
 Onely to Love is naturally mine.

Thou art by Beauty famous, as by Birth,
 Ordain'd by Heav'n to cheer the drooping Earth;
 Add faithfull Love unto your greater State,
 And be alike in all things fortunate.
 A King might promise more, I not deny,
 But yet (by Heav'n) he lov'd not more then I.
 And thus I leave, till time my Faith approve,
 I cease to write, but never cease to love.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History.

And that the Helm, the *Tudors* antient Crest.

THE Arms of Tudor, was three Helms; whereof he
 speaketh, as a thing prophetically foretold of Merlin.

When in thy presence I was call'd to dance,

Owen Tudor being a courtly and active Gentleman, com-
 manded once to dance before the Queen in a Turn (not being
 able to recover himself) fell into her Lap, as she sat upon a little
 Stool, with many of her Ladies about her.

And yet with them in *Wales* that famous be,
Our learned *Bards*, &c.

This Perdh, as they call it in the Brittish Tongue, or as we more properly say, Bard, or Bardus, be their Poets, who keep the Records of Pedigrees and Descents, and sung in Odes and Measures to their Harps, after the old manner of the Lyric Poets.

And boast my Blood from great *Cadwallader*.

Cadwallader, the last King of the Britains, descended of the Noble and ancient Race of the Trojans; to whom an Angel appeared, commanding him to goe to Rome to Pope Sergius, where he ended his Life.

From old *Caer-Septon*, in Mount *Palador*.

Caer-Septon, now called Shafisbury; at whose Building was said, an Eagle prophesied (or rather one named Aquila) of the fame of that Place, and of the recovery of the Isle by the Britains, bringing back with them the Bones of Cadwallader from Rome.

And from *Eneons Line*, the *South-Wales King*,
From *Theodor*, &c.

This Eneon was slain by the Rebels of Gwentland; he was a notable and worthy Gentleman, who in his life did many noble Acts, and was Father to Theodor, or Tudor Maur, of whom descended the Princes of South-Wales.

From her great Grandam, fair *Gwenellian*.

Gwenellian, the daughter of Rees ap Griffeth ap Theodor Prince of South-Wales, married Ednivet Vaughan, Ancestor to Owen Tudor.

By true descent from *Leolin* the Great.

This is the Lowhelin, called Leolinus Magnus, Prince of North-Wales.

Nor that word *Croggen*, Nick-name of disgrace.

In the Voyage that Henry the Second made against the Welshmen, as his Souldiers passed Offas Ditch at Croggen Castle, they were overthrown by the Welshmen: which word Croggen hath since been used to the Welshmen's Disgrace, which was at first begun with their Honour.

And kept Our Native Language now thus long.

The Welshmen be those ancient Britains, which when the Picts, Danes and Saxons invaded here, were first driven into those parts; where they have kept their Language ever since the first, without commixtion with any other.

And old *Caer-Marden*, *Merlins* famous Town.

Caer-Marden, or Merlin's Town, so called, of Merlin's being found there. This was Ambrose Merlins, whose Prophecies we have. There was another of that Name, called Merlin Sylvestris, born in Scotland, surnamed Calidonus, of the Forrest Calidon, where he prophesied.

ELINOR COBHAM

T O

Duke HUMPHREY.

The ARGUMENT.

Elinor, Daughter to the Lord Cobham of Sterborough, and Wife to Humphrey Plantaginet Duke of Gloucester, the Son of Henry the fourth King of England (surnamed Bullingbrook) This noble Duke for his great wisdom and justice called the good, was by King Henry the fifth (Brother to the Duke) at his Death appointed Protector of the Land during the nonage of Henry the sixth, this Elinor Dutcheſs of Gloucester a Proud and Ambitious Woman knowing that if young Henry died without issue, the Duke her Husband was the neareſt of the blood, Conſpired with one Bullingbrook a Great Magitian, Hun a Priest, and Jourdan Witch of Eye, by ſorcery to make away the King, and by conjuration to know who ſhould ſucceed. Of this being juſtly convicted ſhe was adjudged to do penance three ſeveral times openly in London and then to perpetual baniſhment to the Iſle of Man, from whence ſhe writes this Epiſtle.

(ſend,
Methinks, not knowing who theſe Lines ſhould
 Thou ſtraight turn'ſt over to the latter end;
 Where, thou my Name no ſooner haſt eſpy'd,
 But in diſdain my Letter caſts aſide :

Why

Why, if thou wilt, I will my self deny,
 Nay, I'll affirm and swear, I am not I;
 Or if in that thy shame thou do'st perceive,
 For thy dear sake, loe I my Name will leave.
 And yet, methinks, amaz'd thou shouldst not stand,
 Nor seem so much appalled at my Hand;
 For my Misfortunes have inur'd thine Eye,
 (Long before this) to Sights of Misery:
 No, no, read on, 'tis I, the very same,
 All thou canst read, is but to read my shame.
 Be not dismay'd, nor let my Name affright,
 The worst it can, is but t' offend thy sight;
 It cannot wound, nor doe thee deadly harm,
 It is no dreadfull Spell, no Magick Charm;
 If she that sent it, love Duke *Humphry* so,
 Is't possible her Name should be his Foe?
 Yes, I am *Elinor*, I am very she,
 Who brought for Dower a Virgins Bed to thee;
 * Though envious *Beauford* slander'd me before,
 To be Duke *Humphry's* wanton Paramour.
 And though indeed I can it not deny,
 * To Magick once I did my self apply;
 I won thee not, as there be many think,
 With poy'sning Philters, and bewitching Drink:
 Nor on thy Person did I ever prove
 Those wicked Potions, so procuring Love.
 I cannot boast, to be rich *Holland's* Heir,
 Nor of the Blood and Greatness of *Baveire*;
 * Yet *Elinor* brought no forreign Armies in,
 To fetch her back, as did thy *Jacomin*;

Nor

Nor clam'rous Husband follow'd me that fled,
 Exclaiming, *Humphry* to defile his Bed;
 Nor wait thou forc'd the Slander to suppress,
 To send me back s an Adulteress:

* *Brabant*, nor *Burgoyne*, claimed me by force,
 Nor su'd to *Rome*, to hasten my Divorce;
 Nor *Belgia's* Pomp, defac'd with *Belgia's* Fire,
 The just reward of her unjust desire:

* Nor *Bedford's* Spouse, your noble Sister *Ann*,
 That Princely issued great *Burgonian*,
 Need stand with me, to move a Womans strife,
 To yield the place to the Protector's VVife;
 If *Cobham's* Name my Birth can dignifie,
 Or *Sterborough* renown my Family. (of late,

* VVhere's *Greenwich* now, thy *Elinor's* Court
 Where she with *Humphry* held a Princely State?
 That pleasant *Kent* when I abroad should ride,
 That to my pleasure laid forth all her Pride?
 The *Thames* by Water when I took the air,
 That danc'd my Barge, in lanching from the stayre?
 The anch'ring Ships, which when I pass'd the Road,
 Were wont to hang their chequ'ed Tops abroad?
 How could it be, those that were wont to stand,
 To see my Pomp, so Goddess-like to Land,
 Should after see me mayl'd up in a Sheet
 Do shamefull Pennance three times in the Street?
 Rung with a Bell, a Taper in my Hand,
 Bare-foot to trudge before a Beadle's VVand;
 That little Babes, not having use of Tongue,
 Stood pointing at me, as I came along.

Where

Where then was *Humphrey*, where was his Com-
Wast thou not Lord Protector of the Land? (mand
Or for thy Justice, who could thee deny
The Title of the good Duke *Humphry*?
What Bloud, extract from famous *Edward's* Line,
Could boast it self to be so pure as thine?
Who else, next *Henry*, should the Realm prefer,
If it allow the Line of *Lancaster*?

But *Rayner's* Daughter must from *France* be fet,
And with a vengeance on our Throne be set;
Mauns, *Main* and *Anjou*, on that Beggar cast,
To bring her home to *England* in such hast:
And what for *Henry* thou hadst laboured there,
To joyn the King with *Arminack's* rich Heir,
Must all be dash'd, as no such thing had been.
Pool needs must have his Darling made a Queen,
How should he with our Princes else be plac'd,
To have his Earlship with a Dukedome grac'd;
And raise the Off-spring of his Blood so high,
As Lords of us and our Posterity!

O, that by Sea when he to *France* was sent,
The Ship had sunk, wherein the Traytor went;
Or that the Sands had swallow'd her, before
Shee'er set foot upon the *Englisb* Shore!
But all is well, nay, we have store to give,
What need we more, we by her Looks can live:
All that great *Henry* by his Conquests heapt,
And famous *Bedford* to his glory kept,
Is given back to *Rayner* all in post;
And by this means, rich *Normandy* is lost.

Those

Those which have come as Mistresses of ours,
 Have into *England* brought their goodly Dow'rs,
 Which to our Coffers yearly Tribute brings,
 The Life of Subjects, and the strength of Kings;
 The means whereby fair *England* ever might
 Raise Power in *France*, to back her antient Right;
 But she brings Ruine here to make abroad,
 And cancels all our lawfull Claim abroad,
 And she must recapitulate my Shame,
 And give a thousand by-words to my Name,
 And call me, Beldam, Gib, Witch, Night-mare, Traitor,
 With all despight that may a Woman spot.

Oh, that I were a Witch but for her sake!
 Faith then her Queenship little Rest should take;
 I'd scratch that Face, that may not feel the Air,
 And knit whole Ropes of Witch-knots in her Hair:
 O how I'd Hag her nightly in her Bed,
 And on her Brest sit like a lump of Lead,
 And like a Fairy pinch that dainty Skin,
 Her wanton Blood is now so cocker'd in;
 Or take me some such known familiar shape,
 As she my Vengeance never should escape,
 Were I a Garment, none should need the more
 To sprinkle me with *Nessus* poys'ned Gore;
 It were enough, if she once put me on,
 To tear both Flesh and Sinews from the Bone:
 Were I a Flower, that might her Smell delight,
 Though I were not the poys'ning *Aconite*,
 I would send such a Fume into her Brow,
 Should make her mad, as mad as I am now.

* They

* They say, the *Druides* once lived in this Isle,
 This fatall *Man*, the place of my Exile, (wrought,
 Whose pow'rfull Charms such dreadfull Wonders
 Which in the *Gotish* Island Tongue were taught;
 Oh, that their Spels to me they had resign'd, (Wind!
 Wherewith they rais'd and calm'd both Sea and
 And made the Moon pawse in her paled Sphere,
 Whilst her grim Dragons drew them through the
 (Air:

Their Hellish Power, to kill the Plow-mans Seed,
 Or to fore-speak whole Flocks, as they did feed;
 To nurse a damned Spirit with humane Blood,
 To carry them through Earth, Air, Fire and Floud:
 Had I this skill, that Time hath almost lost,
 How like a Goblin I would haunt her ghost?
 O pardon, pardon my mis-govern'd Tongue,
 A Womans strength cannot endure my Wrong.

* Did not the Heav'ns her coming in withstand,
 As though affrighted, when she came to Land?
 The Earth did quake, her coming to abide,
 The goodly *Thames* did twice keep back his Tide,
Pauls shook with Tempests, & that mounting spire,
 With Lightning sent from Heav'n, was set on fire,
 Our stately Buidings to the ground were blown,
 Her Pride by these prodigious signs were shown,
 More fearfull Visions on the *English* Earth,
 Then ever were at any Death, or Birth.
 Ah *Humphry*, *Humphry*, if I should not speak,
 My Breast would split, my very Heart would break:

I, that

I, that was wont so many to command,
 Worse now than with a Clap-dish in my hand;
 A simple Mantle covering me withal,
 The very'st Leper, of Cares Hospital;
 That from my State a Presence held in awe,
 Glad here to kennel in a Pad of Straw;
 And like an Owl, by Night to goe abroad,
 Roosted all day within an Ivy Tod,
 Among the Sea-Cliffs, in the dampy Caves,
 In Charnel-Houses, fit to dwell in Graves. (Look
 Saw'st thou those Eyes, in whose sweet cheerful
 Duke *Humphry* once such joy and pleasure took,
 Sorrow hath so despoil'd them all of grace,
 Thou couldst not say, this was my *El'nors* face:
 Like a foul *Gorgon*, whose dishevell'd Hair
 With every blast flies glaring in the Air;
 Some standing up like Horns upon my Head,
 Even like Those Women that in *Coos* are bred:
 My lank Breasts hang like Bladders left unblown,
 My Skin with lothsome Jaundize over-grown;
 So pin'd away, that if thou long'st to see
 Ruin's true Picture, only look on me.
 Sometime, in thinking of what I have had,
 I from a sudden Extasie grow mad:
 Then, like a Bedlam, forth thy *El'nor* runs
 Like one of *Bacchus* raging frantick Nuns;
 Or like a *Tartar*, when in strange disguise,
 Prepar'd unto a dismal Sacrifice.

That Prelate *Beaufort*, a foul ill befall him:
 Prelate said I! nay, Devil I should call him:

Ah God forgive me, if I think amiss,
 His very Name, me thinks, my Poyson is :
 Ah that vile *Judas*, our professed Foe,
 My Curse pursue him, whereloe'r he goe ;
 That to my Judgment, when I did appear,
 Laid to my charge those things that never were :
 That I should know of *Bullenbrooks* Intents,
 The hallowing of his Magick Instruments ;
 That I procured *Soubwell* to assist,

Which v as by Order consecrate a Priest ;
 That it was I should cover all they did,
 Which but for him had to this day been hid.
 Ah that vile Bastard, that himself dare vant,
 To be the Son of thy brave Grandfire *Gaunt*,
 Whom he but father'd of meer Charity,
 To rid his Mother of that Infamy ;

Who, if Report of elder Times be true,
 Yet to this day his Father never knew.
 He that by Murthers black and odious Crime,
 To *Henries* Throne attempted once to clime,

Having procur'd by hope of golden gain.
 A fatal Hand his Soverain to have slain ;
 Whom to his Chamber closely he convey'd,
 And for that purpose fitly there had laid ;
 Upon whose Sword that famous Prince had dy'd,
 If by a Dog he had not been descry'd.

But now the Queen, her Minion *Pool*, and he,
 As it please them, ev'n so must all things be ;
England's no place for any one beside ;
 All is too little to maintain their pride.

I

What,

What, of a King, hath *Henry*; but the Name;
 And now scarce that, so publick his defame?
 And I pray God, I do not live the day,
 To see his Ruine, and the Realms decay:
 And yet as sure as *Humphry* seems to stand,
 He be preserv'd from that vile Traytors hand.
 From *Gloster's* Seat I would thou wert estrang'd,
 Or would to God that Dukedomes Name were
 For it portends some after-ill to us; (chang'd
 Ah *Humphry*, *Humphry*, it is ominous:
 Yet rather then thy hap so hard should be,
 I would thou wert here banished with me.
Humphry adiew, farewell true Noble Lord,
 My wish is all thy *El nor* can afford.

ANNOTATIONS on the Chronicle History.

Though envious *Beauford* stand'ed me before.

Noting the extream Hate that Cardinal *Beauford* had
 ever born to her.

To magick once I did my self apply:

Elinor Cobham was accused by some, that sought to with-
 stand, and disliked her Marriage with Duke *Humphry*, that
 she practised to give him Philters, and such poisoning Poisons,
 to make him love her; as she was slandered by Cardinal *Beau-*
ford

ford, to have lived as the Dukes Lemman: against the which Cardinal, she exclaimeth in this Epistle, in the Verse before.

Yet El' nor brought no forreign Armies in,
To fetch her back, as did thy Iacomyn.

This was the chief and only thing that ever touched the reputation of this good Duke, that dotingly he married Iacomyn, or as some call her, Jaquet, Daughter and Heir to William Bavier, Duke of Holland, before married, and lawful Wife to John Duke of Brabant, then living: which after, as it is shewed in this Verse following,

Brabant nor Burgoyne claimed me by force,
Nor su'd to Rome, to hasten my divorce.

Caused great Wars, by reason, that the Duke of Burgoyne took part with Brabant, against the Duke of Gloucester; which being arbitrated by the Pope, the Lady was adjudged to be delivered back to her former Husband.

Nor Bedford's Spouse, your Noble sister Ann,
That Princely issued great Burgonian.

John Duke of Beauford, that Scourge of France, and the Glory of the Englishmen, married Ann Sister to the Duke of Burgundy, a vertuous and beautiful Lady: by which Marriage, as also by his Victories attained in France, he brought great Strength to the English Nation.

Where's Greenwich now thy El'nors Court of late?

That fair and goodly Pallace of Greenwich, in Kent, was first builded by that famous Duke: Whose rich and pleasant situation

situation might remain an assured Monument of his Wisdom, if there were no other memory of the same.

They say the Druides once lived in this Isle.

It should seem, that there were two Islands, both of them called Mona, though now distinguished, the one, by the name of Man, the other, by the Name of Anglesey; both which, were full of many infernal Ceremonies: as may appear by Agricola's Voyage, made into the hitherto Man, described by his Son in Law, Cornelius Tacitus. And as Superstition, the Daughter of Barbarism and Ignorance; so amongst those Northerly Nations, like as in America, Magic was most esteemed.

Druidæ were the publick Ministers of their Religion, and thoroughly taught in all Rites thereof: Their Doctrine concerned the Immortality of the Soul, the Contempt of Death, and all other Points which may conduce to Resolution, Fortitude, and Magnanimity: Their abode was in Groves and Woods, where upon they have their Name: Their power extended it self to master the Souls of Men deceased, and to confer with Ghosts and other Spirits, about the success of things.

Plutarch, in his profound and learned Discourse of the defects of Oracles, reporteth, That the outmost British Isles were the Prison of a sort of fictitious Demi-gods: But it shall not need to speak any farther of the Druidæ, then that which Lucan doth:

Et vos barbaricos ritus, moremque finistram
Sacrorum, Druidæ positis repetistis ab armis.

Did not the Heavens her coming in withstand.

Noting the prodigious and fearful signs that were seen in England

England, a little before her coming in : which Elinor expresseth in this Epistle, as afore-shewing the Dangers which should ensue upon this unlucky Marriage.

The hallowing of the Magick Instruments.

The Instruments which Bullenbrook used in his Conjurations, according to the diabolish Ceremonies and Customs of these unlawful Arts, were dedicated at a Mass in the Lodge in Harnsey Park, by Southwel Priest of Westminster.

Having procur'd by hope of golden gain.

This was one of the Articles that Duke Humphry urged against Cardinal Beauford, That he conspired the death of Henry the fifth, by conveying a Villain into his Chamber, which in the Night should have murdered him : but what ground of Truth he had for the same, I leave to dispute.

Duke HUMPHRY

TO

ELINOR COBHAM.

ME thinks thou shouldst not doubt, I could
(forget
Her whom so many do remember yet ;

I 3

"No

"No, no, our joys away like shadows slide,
 "But Sorrows firm in memory abide;
 Nay, I durst answer, thou dost nothing less,
 But into Passion, urg'd by thy distress:
 No *El'nor*, no, thy Woes, thy Grief, thy Wrong,
 Have in my breast been resident too long.

Oh, when Report in ev'ry place had spread,
 My *El'nor* was to Sanctuary fled,
 With cur'd *Omeley*, and the Witch of *Eye*.
 As guilty of their vile Conspiracy;
 The dreadful Spirits when they did invoke,
 For the Succession, and the Realm's Estate;
 When *Henry's* Image they in Wax had wrought,
 By which he should have to his death been brought;
 That as his Picture did consume away,
 His Person so by Sickneſs should decay: (troul,
 Grief, that before could ne'r my thoughts con-
 That instant took possession of my Soul.

Ah, would to God I could forget thine ill!
 As for mine own, let that inflict me still;
 But that before hath taken too sure hold:
 Forget it, said I? would to God I could.
 Of any Woe, if thou hast but one part,
 I have the whole remaining in my heart;
 I have no need, of others Cares to borrow,
 For all I have, is nothing else but Sorrow.
 No, my sweet *Nell*, thou took'st not all away,
 Though thou went'st hence, here still thy Woes

(do stay;

Though

Though from thy Husband thou wert forc'd to go,
Those still remain, they will not leave him so:
No eye bewails my Ill, mones thy distress,
Our Grief's the more, but yet our debt the less;
We owe no Tears, no Mourning days are kept,
For those that yet for us have never wept;
We hold no Obijts. no sad Exequies,
Upon the Death-days of unweeping Eyes.

Alas, good *Nell*, what should thy patience move,
T'upbraid thy kind Lord with a forreign love?
Thou might'st have bid all former ills adue,
Forgot the old, we have such store of new.
Did I omit thy love to entertain,
With mutual Grief to answer Grief again?
Or think'st thou, I unkindly did forbear
To bandy Woe for Woe, and Tear for Tear?
Did I forget, or carelessly neglect
Those shews of Love, that Ladies so respect?
In mounful black was I not seen to goe,
By outward signs t'express my inward Woe?
Did I thy loss not publickly lament,
Nor by my Looks bewray'd my Discontent?
Is this the cause? If this be it, know then,
"One Grief conceal'd, more grievous is than ten:
If in my breast those Sorrows sometimes were,
And never utt'ed, they must still be there;
And if thou know'st, they many were before,
By time increasing they must needs be more,
England to me can challenge nothing lent,
Let her cast up what is receiv'd, what spent;

If I her own, can she from blame me free,
 If she but prove a step-mother to me:
 That if I should with that proud Bastard strive,
 To plead for Birth-right my Prerogative,
 Be that allow'd, I should not need to fear it,
 For then my true Nobility should bear it:
 If Counsel aid, that *France* will tell (I know)
 Whose Towns lye wast before the *English* Foe,
 When thrice we gave the conquer'd *French* the foil
 * At *Agincourt*, at *Cravant*, and *Vernoyle*:
 If Faith avail, these Arms did *Henry* hold, (old:
 To claym his Crown, yet scarcely nine months
 If Countries care have leave to speak for me,
 Gray hairs in youth my witness then may be:
 If peoples tongues give splendor to my Fame,
 They add a Title to Duke *Humphry's* Name.
 If Toyle at home, *French* Treason, *English* Hate,
 Shall tell my skill in mannaging the State,
 If forreign Travel my success may try,
 * Then *Flanders*, *Almain*, *Boheme*, *Burgundie*.
 That Robe of *Rome* proud *Beauford* now doth
 (wear,

In every place such sway should never bear:
 * The Crosier staff in his imperious Hand,
 To be the Scepter that controules the Land;
 That home to *England*, Dispensations draws,
 Which are of power to abrogate our Laws;
 And for those Sums the wealthy Church should
 Upon the needy Comm'nalty to lay: (pay,

His ghostly Counsels only do advise,
* The means how *Langley's* Progeny may rise,
Pathing young *Henry's* unadvised ways,
A Duke of *York* from *Cambridge* house to raise,
Which after may our Title undermine,
Grafted since *Edward*, in *Gaunts* famous Line,
Us of Succession falsely to deprive,
Which they from *Clarence* fainedly derive ;
Knowing the will old *Cambridge* ever bore,
To catch the Wreath that famous *Henry* wore :
With *Gray* and *Scroop* when first he layd the Plot,
From us and ours, the Garland to have got ;
As from the *March-born Mortimer* to reign,
Whose Title *Glendour* stoutly did maintain,
When the proud *Percies*, haughty *March*, and he,
Had shar'd the I and by equal parts, in three.
* His Priesthood now stern *Mowbray* will restore,
To stir the fire that kindled was before ;
Against the *Yorkists* that shall their Claim advance,
To steel the point of *Norfolk's* sturdy Lance.
Upon the Breast of *Harford's* issue bent,
In just revenge of ancient Banishment.
He doth advise to let our Pris'ner go,
And doth enlarge the faithless *Scotish* Foe,
* Giving our Heirs in Marriage, that their Dow'rs
May bring invasion upon us and ours.
Ambitious *Suffolk* so the Helm doth guide,
With *Beauford's* damned Policies suppl'd ;
He and the Queen in Counsel still confer,
How to raise him, who hath advanced her.

But

But my dear Heart, how vainely do I dream,
And fly from thee, whose Sorrows are my Theam?
My love to thee, and *England* thus divided,
Which hath the most, how hard to be decided?
Or thou, or that, to censure I am loath,
So near are you, so dear unto me both;
'Twixt that and thee, for equal love I find,
England ingrateful, and my *El'nor* kind.
But though my Country justly I reprove,
Yet I for that, neglected have my love;
Nevertheless, thy *Humphry's* to the now,
As when fresh Beauty triumph'd on thy Brow;
As when thy Graces I admired most,
Or of thy Favours might the frankly'st boast:
Those Beauties were so infinite before,
That in abundance I was only poor;
Of which, though Time hath taken some again,
I ask no more but what doth yet remain.
Be patient, gentle Heart, in thy distress.
Thou art a Princess, not a whit the less.
Whilst in these Breasts we bear about this Life,
I am thy Husband, and thou art my Wife.
Cast not thine eye on such as mounted be,
But look on those cast down as low as we;
For some of them which proudly pearch so high,
Ere long shall come as low as thou or I.
They weep for joy, and let us laugh in Woe,
We shall exchange when Heav'n will have it so;
We mourn, and they in after-time may mourn,
Woe past, may once laugh present Woe to scorn:

And

And worse then hath been, we can never tast,
Worse cannot come, then is already past:

"In all extream's the only depth of ill,
"Is that which comforts the afflicted still.

Ah would to God thou couldst thy Griefs deny,
And on my back let all the Burthen lye!

Or if thou canst resign, make them mine own,
Both in one Carriage to be undergone,

Till we again our former hopes recover, (ver;

And prosp'rous Times blow these Misfortunes o-

For in the thought of those fore-passed years,

Some new resemblance of old Joy appears.

Mutual our Care, so mutual be our Love,

That our Affliction never can remove:

So rest in peace, where peace hath hope to live,

Wishing thee more then I my self can give.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History.

At Agincourt, at Cravant and Vernoyle.

THe three famous Battels fought by the Englishmen in France; Agincourt, by Henry the fifth, against the whole Power of France; Cravant, fought by Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, and the Duke of Burgoyne, against the Dolphin of France, and William Stuart, Constable of Scotland: Vernoyle, fought by John Duke of Bedford, against the Duke of Alanson. and with him most of the Nobility of France

France; Duke Humphry an especial Counsellor in all the
Expeditions.

Then Flanders, Almaine, Bobeme, Burgundy.

Here remembring the ancient Amity which in his Embassage
he had concluded betwixt the King of England, and Sigismund
Emperor of Almain, drawing the Duke of Burgoyne into the
same League, giving himself as an Hostage for the Duke at
Saint Omers, while the Duke came to Calice, to confirm the
League: With his many other Imployments to forreign King-
domes.

That Crosier staff in his imperious hand.

Henry Beauford Cardinal of Winchester, that proud and
haughty Prelate, received the Cardinals Hat at Calice, by the
Popes Legate; which dignity Henry the fifth his Nephew,
forbad him to take upon him, knowing his haughty and mali-
cious spirit, unfit for that Robe and Calling.

The means how Langley's Progeny may rise.

As willing to shew, the House of Cambridge to be descended
of Edmund Langley, Earl of York, a younger Brother to
John of Gaunt, his Grandfather (as much as in him lay) to
smother the Title that the Yorkists made to the Crown (from
Lionel of Clarence, Gaunts elder Brother) by the Daughters
of Mortimer.

His Priesthood now stern Mowbray doth restore.

Noting the ancient Grudge between the House of Lancaster
and Norfolk, ever since Mowbray Duke of Norfolk was be-
nished.

ished, for the Accusation of Henry Duke of Harford (after that, King of England, Father to Duke Humphry:) Which Accusation, he came as a Combatant, to have made good in the Lists at Coventry.

Giving our Heirs in Marriage that their Dow'rs.

James Stuart King of Scots, having been long Prisoner in England, was released, and took to Wife the Daughter of John Duke of Somerset, Sister to John Duke of Somerset, Neice to the Cardinal, and the Duke of Excester, and Cousin German removed to the King: This King broke the Oath he had taken, and became afterward a great Enemy to England.

FINIS.

WIL.

WILLIAM DE-LA-POOLE

Duke of SUFFOLK

TO

Queen MARGARET.

The ARGUMENT.

William De-La-Pool first Marques and after created Duke of Suffolk, being sent into France by King Henry the Sixth, concluded a Marriage between the King his Master and Margaret Daughter to Rayner, Duke of Anjou, who only had the Title of King of Sicily and Jerusalem; This Marriage being made contrary to the liking of the Lords and Counsel of the Realm, (by reason of the yielding up of Anjou and Main into the Dukes hands, which shortly after proved the loss of all Aquitain, they ever after bore a continued hatred to the Duke, and (by means of the Commons) banished him at the Parliament at Bury, where after he had judgment of his Exile, being then ready to depart, he writes back to the Queen this Epistle.

IN my disgrace (dear Queen) rest thy Content,
 And Margarets health from Suffolk's Banish-
 Five years exile were not an hour to me, (meant:
 But that so soon I must depart from thee ;
 Where

Where thou'rt not present, it is ever night,
 All be exil'd, that live not in thy sight.
 Those Savages which worship the Suns rise,
 Would hate their God, if they beheld thine Eyes;
 The worlds great light, might'st thou be seen a-
 Would at our Noon-stead ever make abroad, (broad,
 And force the poor *Antipodes* to mourn,
 Fearing lest he would never more return.
 Wer't not for thee, it were my great'st exile,
 To live within this Sea-inviron'd Isle.

Pool's Courage brooks not limiting in Bands,
 But that (great Queen) thy Sov'raignty com-
 (mands:

* Our Faulcons kind cannot the Cage indure,
 Nor Buzzard-like doth stoop to ev'ry Lure;
 Their mounting Brood in open Air doe rove,
 Nor will with Crows be coup't within a Grove.

We all do breathe upon this Earthly Ball,
 Likewise one Heav'n incompasseth thus all,
 "No Banishment can be to him assign'd,
 "Who doth retain a true resolved Mind.

"Man in himself a little World doth bear,
 "His Soul the Monarch, ever ruling there:
 "Where ever then his Body doth remain,
 "He is a King, that in himself doth reign;

"And never feareth Fortunes hot'st Alarms,
 "That bears against her Patience for his Arm's.

* This was the mean proud *Warwick* did invent,
 To my disgrace, at *Leister* Parliament.

* That

* That only I, by yielding up of *Main*,
 * Should cause the loss of fertile *Aquitain*,
 * With the base vulgar sort to win him fame,
 To be the Heir of good Duke *Humphry's* Name;
 And so by Treason spotting my pure Blood,
 Make this a mean to raise the *Nevils* Brood.
 * With *Salisbury*, his vile ambitious Sire,
 * In *Tork's* stern Breast kindling long hidden fire;
 * By *Clarence* Title working to supplant
 * The Eagle Ayrie of great *John* of *Gaunt* :
 And to this end did my Exile conclude,
 Thereby to please the Rascal Multitude;
 * Urg'd by these envious Lords to spend their
 Crying revenge for the Protectors death; (breath,
 That since the old decrepit Duke is dead,
 By me, of force, he must be murdered. (Life,
 * If they would know who rob'd him of his
 * Let them call home Dame *Elinor* his Wife,
 * Who with a Taper walked in a Sheet, (Street:
 * To light her shame at Noon through *London*
 * And let her bring her Necromantick Book,
 * That foul Hag *Jordan*, *Hun*, and *Bullenbrook*,
 * And let them call the Spirits from Hell again,
 To know how *Humphry* dy'd, and who shall reign.
 * For twenty years, and have I serv'd in *France*,
 * Against great *Charles* and Bastard *Orleanse*.
 And seen the Slaughter of a World of Men,
 Victorious now, as hardly conquer'd then?
 * And have I seen *Vernoyle's* batful Fields, (Shields,
 Strew'd with ten thousand Helmes, ten thousand
 Where

Where famous *Bedford* did our Fortune try,
Or *France*, or *England*, for the Victory?
The sad investing of so many Towns,
Scor'd on my Breast in honourable Wounds;
When *Mountacute*, and *Talbot* of much Name,
Under my Ensign both first won their Fame:
In Heat and Cold all these have I endur'd.
To rouse the *French*, within their Walls immur'd;
Through all my Life, these perils have I past,
And now to fear a Banishment at last?

Thou know'st how I (thy beauty to advance)
For thee, refus'd the *Infanta* of *France*,
Brake the Contract Duke *Humphry* first did make
'Twixt *Henry* and the Princess *Arminack*:
Only that here thy presence I might gain,
I gave Duke *Rayner*, *Anjou*, *Mauns* and *Main*;
Thy Peerless Beauty for a Dower to bring,
As of it self sufficient for a King: (Pow'rs,
* And from *Aumerle* withdrew my Warlike
* And came my self in person first to *Tours*,
* Th'Embassadours for truce to entertain,
* From *Belgia*, *Denmark*, *Hungary* and *Spain*:
And to the King relating of thy story,
My Tongue flow'd with such plenteous Oratory,
As the report by speaking did indite,
Begetting still more ravishing delight.
And when my Speech did cease (as telling all)
My Look shew'd more, that was Angelical;
And when I breath'd again, and pawsed next,
I left mine Eyes dilating on the Text:

K

Then

Then coming of thy Modesty to tell,
 In Musicks numbers my Voice rose and fell;
 And when I came to paint thy glorious stile,
 My speech in greater Cadences to file,

* By true descent to wear the Diadem

* Of *Naples*, *Cicil* and *Jerusalem*,

- As from the Gods thou didst derive thy Birth,
 If those of Heaven could mix with these of Earth;
 Gracing each Title that I did recite,
 With some mellifluous pleasing Epithite:
 Nor left him not, till he for love was sick,
 Beholding thee in my sweet Rhetorick.

A Fifteens Tax in *France* I freely spent,
 In Triumphs, at thy Nuptial Tournament;
 And solemniz'd thy Marriage in a Gown,
 Valu'd at more than was thy Fathers Crown;
 And only striving how to honour thee,
 Gave to my King what thy love gave to me.
 Judge if his kindness have not power to move,
 Who for his loves sake gave away his love. (bring,

Had he, which once the Prize to *Greece* did
 (Of whom, th'old Poets long ago did sing)

* Seen thee for *England* but imbark'd at *Deep*,
 Would over-board have cast his golden Sheep,
 As too unworthy ballast to be thought,
 To pester room, with such perfection fraught.
 The briny Seas, which saw the Ship infold thee,
 Would vault up to the Hatches, to behold thee,
 And talling back, themselves in thronging smother,
 Breaking for grief, envying one another:

When

When the proud Bark, for Joy thy steps to feel,
Scorn'd that the Brack should kiss her furrowing

(Keel,

And trick'd in all her Flags, her self she braves,
Cap'ring for joy upon the silver Waves ;
When like a Bull from the *Phenician* Strand,
Jove with *Europa* rushing from the Land,
Upon the Bosome of the Main doth scud,
And with his Swannish Breast cleaving the Floud,
Tow'rd the fair Fields, upon the other side,
Beareth *Agenor's* joy, *Phenicia's* pride :
All heavenly Beauties joyn themselves in one,

To shew their glory in thine Eye alone ;
Which, when it turneth that celestial Ball,
A thousand sweet Stars rise, a thousand fall.

Who justly saith, mine, Banishment to be,
When only *France* for my recours is free?
To view the Plains, where I have seen so oft
Englands victorious Engines rays'd aloft ;
When this shall be a comfort in my way,
To see the place, where I may boldly say,
Here mighty *Bedford* forth the Vaward led,
Here *Talbot* charg'd, and here the *Frenchmen* fled,
Here with our Archers valiant *Scales* did lye,
Here stood the Tents of famous *Willoughby*,
Here *Montacute* rang'd his unconquer'd Band,
Here march'd we out, and here we made a stand.

What should we sit to mourn and grieve all day
For that which Time doth easily take away?

What Fortune hurts, let Suff'rance only heal,
 "No wisdom with Extremities to deal.

To know our selves to come of humane Birth,
 These sad Afflictions cross us here on Earth.

A punishment from the eternal Law,
 To make us still of Heav'n to stand in awe.

"In vain we prize that at so dear a rate,
 "Whose long'st assurance bear's a Minutes date.

"Why should we idly talk of our Intent,

"When Heav'ns Decree no Counsell can prevent?

"When our fore-sight not possibly can shun

"That which the Fates determine shall be don.

Henry hath Power, and may my life depose,
 Mine Honour's mine, that none hath power to lose.

Then be as chearful beautilous (Royal Queen)
 As in the Court of *France* we oft have been ;

* As when arriv'd in *Porcesters* fair Road,
 (Where, for our coming, *Henry* made aboard)
 When in mine Arms I brought thee safe to Land,
 And gave my Love to *Henry's* Royal Hand:
 The happy Hours we passed with the King
 At fair *Southampton*, long in Banqueting ;
 With such content as lodg'd in *Henries* Breast,
 When he to *London* brought thee from the West,
 Through golden *Cheap*, when he in Pomp did ride
 To *Westminster*, to entertain his Bride.

ANNOTATIONS on the Chronicle History.

Our Faulkons kind cannot the Cage endure.

HE alludes, in these Verses, to the Falcon, which was the ancient Device of the Pools, comparing the greatness and haughtiness of his spirit to the nature of this Bird.

This was the mean proud Warwick did invent,
To my disgrace, &c.

The Commons, at this Parliament, through Warwicks means, accused Suffolk of Treason, and urged the Accusation so vehemently, that the King was forced to exile him for five years.

That only I, by yielding up of Main,
Should be the loss of fertile Aquitain.

The Duke of Suffolk being sent into France, to conclude a Peace, chose Duke Rayners Daughter, the Lady Margaret, whom he espoused for Henry the sixth; delivering for her, to her Father, the Countries of Anjou and Main, and the City of Mauns. Whereupon the Earl of Arminack (whose Daughter was before promised to the King) seeing himself to be deluded, caused all the Englishmen to be expelled Aquitain, Gascoyne and Guyne.

With the base vulgar sort to win him fame,
To be the Heir of good Duke Humphry's name.

This Richard, that was called the great Earl of Warwick, when Duke Humphry was dead, grew into exceeding great favour with the Commons.

With Salisbury, his vile ambitious Sire,
In York's Stern Breast kindling long hidden fire,
By Clarence Title working to supplant
The Eagle-Airy of great John of Gaunt.

Richard Plantaginet Duke of York, in the time of Henry the Sixth, claymed the Crown (being assisted by this Richard Nevil, Earl of Salisbury, and Father to the great Earl of Warwick, who favoured exceedingly the House of York,) in open Parliament, as Heir to Lionel, Duke of Clarence, the third Son of Edward the Third, making his Title by Ann his Mother, Wife to Richard Earl of Cambridge, Son to Edmund of Langley, Duke of York: Which Ann was Daughter to Roger Mortimer, Earl of March; which Roger was Son and Heir to Edmund Mortimer, that married the Lady Philip, Daughter and Heir to Lionel, Duke of Clarence, the third Son of King Edward: to whom the Crown, after King Richard the Seconds Death, lineally descended, be dying without Issue; and not to the Heir of the Duke of Lancaster, that was younger Brother to the Duke of Clarence. Hall. cap. i. Tit. Yor. & Lanc.

Urg'd by these envious Lords to spend their breath,
Calling revenge on the Protectors death.

Humphry Duke of Glouster, and Lord Protector, in the five and twentieth year of Henry the Sixth, by means of the Queen and the Duke of Suffolk, was arrested by the Lord Beaumont, at the Parliament holden at Bury, and the same Night after murdered in his Bed.

If they would know who rob'd him, &c, *To this Verse,*
To know how *Humphry dy'd*, and who shall reign.

In these Verses he jests at the Protector's Wife, (who being accused and convicted of Treason, because with John Hun, a Priest, Roger Bullenbrook, a Necromancer, and Margery Jordan, called the Witch of Eye, she had consulted by Sorcery to kill the King) was adjudged to perpetual Imprisonment in the Isle of Man, and to do Penance openly, in three publick places in London.

For twenty years, and have I serv'd in France?

In the sixth year of Henry the Sixth, the Duke of Bedford being deceased, then Lieutenant General, and Regent of France; this Duke of Suffolk was promoted to that Dignity, having the Lord Talbot, Lord Scales, and the Lord Mountacute, to assist him.

Against great Charles, and Bastard Orleans?

This was Charles the Seventh, who after the death of Henry the Fifth, obtained the Crown of France, and recovered again much of that his Father had lost. Bastard Orleans was Son to the Duke of Orleans, begotten of the Lord Cawnies Wife. preferred highly to many notable Offices, because he being a most valiant Captain, was a continual Enemy to the Englishmen, daily infesting them with divers IncurSIONS.

And have I seen Vernoyla's batful Fields.

Vernoyle is that noted place in France, where the great Battle was fought in the beginning of Henry the Sixth his Reign,

Reign, where most of the French Chivalrie were overcome by the Duke of Bedford.

And from Aumerle withdrew my Warlike Powers.

Aumerle is that strong defended Town in France, which the Duke of Suffolk got after four and twenty great Assaults given unto it.

And came my self in person first to Tours,
Th'Embassadours for Truce to entertain,
From Belgia, Denmark, Hungary and Spain.

Tours is a City in France, built by Brutus, as he came into Brittain: where in the one and twentieth year of the Reign of Henry the Sixth, was appointed a great Diet to be kept; whither came Embassadors of the Empire, Spain, Hungary and Denmark, to intreat for a perpetual Peace to be made between the two Kings of England and France.

By true descent to wear the Diadem
Of Naples, Cicil and Jerusalem.

Rayner, Duke of Anjou, Father to Queen Margaret, called himself King of Naples, Cicily and Jerusalem, having the Title alone of the King of those Countries.

A fifteenth Tax in France I freely spent.

The Duke of Suffolk, after the Marriage concluded between King Henry and Margaret, Daughter to Rayner, asked in open Parliament a whole Fifteenth, to fetch her into England.

Seen thee for England but imbarqu'd at Deep.

Deep

Deep is a Town in France, bordering upon the Sea, where the Duke of Suffolk, with Queen Margaret, took Ship for England.

As when arriv'd at Porchesters fair Rhoad.

Porchester, a Haven Town in the South-West part of England, where the King tarried, expecting the Queens arrival; whom from thence he conveyed to Southampton.

Queen *MARGARET*
 TO
WILLIAM DE-LA-POOLE
 Duke of *SUFFOLK.*

WHat news (sweet *Pool*) look'st thou my
 (Lines should tell,
 But like the toling of the doleful Bell,
 Bidding the Deaths-man to prepare the Grave?
 Expect from me no other news to have. (Throne,
 My Breaſt, which once was Mirths imperial
 A vaſt and deſart Wilderneſs is grown:

Like

Like that cold Region, from the World remote,
 On whose breem Seas the Icy Mountains flote;
 Where those poor Creatures, banish'd from the
 Do live impris'ned in continual Night. (Light,

No Object greets my Souls internal Eyes,
 But Divinations of sad Tragidies;
 And Care takes up her solitary Inn,
 Where Youth and Joy their Court did once begin.
 As in *September*, when our year resignes
 The glorious Sun to the cold Wat'ry Signs,
 Which through the Clouds looks on the Earth in
 The little Bird, yet to salute the Morn, (scorn;
 Upon the naked Branches sets her foot,
 The Leaves then lying on the Mossy Root,
 And there a silly chiripping doth keep, (weep,
 As though she fain would sing; yet fain would
 Praying fair Summer, that too soon is gon,
 Or sad for Winter, too fast coming on:
 In this strange plight I mourn for thy depart,
 Because that Weeping cannot ease my Heart.

Now to our aid, who stirrs the neighb'ring
 (Kings?

Or who from *France* a powerful Army brings?

Who moves the *Norman* to abet our War?

* Or brings in *Burgoine* to aid *Lancaster*?

* Who in the North our lawful Claim commends,

To win us Credit with our valiant Friends?

To whom shall I my secret Grieffs impart,

Whose Breast shall be the Closet of my Heart?

The ancient *Heroe's* Fame thou do'lt revive :
 As from all them thy self thou didst derive :
 Nature, by thee, both gave and taketh all,
 Alone in *Pool* she was too prodigal ;
 Of so divine and rich a temper wrought,
 As Heav'n for thee Perfections depth had sought.
 Well knew King *Henry* what he pleaded for,
 When he chose thee to be his Orator ;
 Whose Angel-eye, by pow'rful influence,
 Doth utter more than human Eloquence :
 That if again *Jove* would his Sports have try'd,
 He in thy shape himself would only hide ;
 Which in his love might be of greater pow'r,
 Than was his Nymph, his Flame, his Swan, his
 (Show'r.

* To that allegiance *Tork* was bound by Oath,
 * To *Henry's* Heirs, for safety of us both ;
 * No longer now he means Record shall bear it,
 * He will dispence with Heav'n, and will unswear
 He that's in all the Worlds black sins forlorn, (it,
 Is careless now how oft he be forsworn ;
 And here of late his Title hath set down,
 By which he makes his Claim unto our Crown.
 And now I hear his hateful Dutchess chats,
 And rips up their Descent unto her Brats,
 And blesteth them as *Englands* lawful Heirs,
 And tells them, that our Diadem is theirs :
 And if such hap her Goddess Fortune bring,
 * If three Sons fail, she'l make the fourth a King.

* He

- * He that's so like his Dam, her youngest *Dick*,
- * That foul, ill-favour'd, crook-back'd Stigmatick,
- * That like a Carcase stoln out of a Tomb,
- * Came the wrong way out of his Mothers Womb
- * With Teeth in's Head, his passage to have torn,
- * As though begot an Age ere he was born.

Who now will curb proud *Tork*, when he shall
Or arm our Right against his Enterprife, (rise?
To crop that Bastard Weed, which dayly grows,
* To over-shadowd our Vermilon Rose?

* Or who will muzzle that unruly Bear, (fear?
Whose presence strikes our peoples Hearts with
Whilst on his knees this wretched King is down,
To save them labour, reaching at his Crown,
Where like a mounting Cedar, he should bear
His plumed Top aloft into the Air ;

And let these Shurbs sit underneath his Shrowds,
Whilst in his Arms he doth imbrace the Clouds.

O, that he should his Fathers Right inherit,
Yet be an Alien to that mighty Spirit !

How were those pow'rs dispers'd, or whither gone
Should sympathise in Generation ?

Or what opposed influence had force,

So much t'abuse and alter Natures course?

" All other Creatures follow after kind,

" But Man alone doth not beget the Mind.

* My daisy flower, which once perfum'd the Air,
Which for my favour Princes deign'd to wear.

Now in the dust lies trodden on the ground,

And with *Tork's* Garland ev'ry one is crown'd :

When

When now his Rising waits on our Decline,
And in our Setting, he begins to shine;
Now in the Skies that dreadful Comet waves.

* And who be Stars, but *Warwicks* bearded
(Staves?)

And all those Knees which bended once so low,
Grow stiff, as though they had forgot to bow;
And none, like them, pursue me with despite,
Which most have cry'd, God save Queen *Mar-*
(garite.

When Fame shall brute thy Banishment abroad,
The *Yorkist's* Faction then will lay on load;
And when it comes once to our Western Coast,
O, how that Tag, Dame *Elinor*, will boast!
And labour straight, by all the means she can,
To be call'd home out of the Isle of *Man*:
To which I know great *Warwick* will consent,
To have it done by Act of Parliament,
That to my Teeth my Birth she may defie,

* Sland'ring Duke *Reyner* with base Beggery;
The only way she could devise to grieve me, (me.
Wanting sweet *Suffolk*, which should most relieve
And from that Stock doth sprout another Bloom

* A *Kentish* Rebel, a base upstart Groom;

* And this is he the White-Rose must preter,

* By *Clarence* Daughter, match'd with *Mortimer*.

Thus by *Torks* means, this rascal Pefant, *Cade*,
Must in all haste *Plantaginet* be made:

For that ambitious Duke sets all on work,

To sound what Freinds affect the Claim of *Tork*,
Whilst

Whilst he abroad doth practice to command,
 * And makes us weak by strength'ning *Ireland*;
 More his own power still seeking to increase,
 Than for King *Henries* good, or *Englands* peace.
 * Great *Winchester* untimely is deceas'd,
 That more and more my Woes should be increas'd.
 - *Beauford*, whose shoulders proudly bare up all
 The Churches Prop, that famous Cardinal.
 The Commons (bent to mischief) never let,
 * With *France* t'upbraid that valiant *Somerſet*,
 Rayling in Tumults on his Souldiers loſs;
 Thus all goes backward, croſs comes after croſs:
 And now of late, Duke *Humphry's* old Allies,
 With baniſh'd *El'nors* baſe Accomplices, (Crouſe,
 Attending their Revenge, grow wound'rous
 And threaten Death and Vengeance to our Houſe;
 And I alone the laſt poor remnant am,
 * 'Tindure theſe ſtorms with woful *Buckingham*.

I pray thee, *Pool*, have care how thou do'ſt paſs,
 Never the Sea yet half ſo dangerous was;
 * And one fore-told, by Water thou ſhould'ſt dy,
 (Ah! foul befall that foul Tongues Propheſie)
 Yet I by Night am troubled in my Dreams,
 That I do ſee thee toſs'd in dang'rous Streams;
 And oft-times Ship-wrack'd, caſt upon the Land,
 And lying breathleſs on the queachy Sand;
 And oft in Viſions ſee thee in the Night,
 Where thou at Sea maintain'ſt a dang'rous Fight,
 And with thy proved Target and thy Sword,
 Beat'ſt back the Pyrat which would come aboard.

Yet be not angry, that I warn thee thus,
 "The truest love is most suspicious.
 Sorrow doth utter what it still doth grieve :
 But Hope forbids us, Sorrow to believe ;
 And in my Counsel yet this comfort is,
 It cannot hurt, although I think amiss :
 Then live in hope, in Triumph to return,
 When clearer Days shall leave in Clouds to mourn.
 But so hath Sorrow girt my Soul about, (out,
 That that word Hope (me thinks) comes slowly
 The reason is, I know it here would rest,
 Where it might still behold thee in my Breast.
 Farewel, sweet *Pool*, fain more I would indite,
 But that my Tears do blot what I do write.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History.

Or brings in *Burgoin* to aid *Lancaster*.

Philip, Duke of *Burgoine* and his Son, were always great
 Favorites of the House of *Lancaster* ; howbeit, they often
 dissembled both with *Lancaster* and *York*.

Who in the North, our lawful Claim commends,
 To win us credit with our valiant Friends ?

The chief Lords of the North parts, in the time of Henry
 the Sixth, withstood the Duke of *York* at his Rising, giving
 him two great overthrows.

To

To that Allegiance, York was bound by Oath,
To Henry's Heirs, for safety of us both;
No longer now he means Records shall bear it,
He will dispence with Heaven, and will unswear it.

The Duke of York, at the death of Henry the Fifth, and at this Kings Coronation, took his Oath, to be true subject to him and his Heirs for ever: but afterward dispensing therewith, claymed the Crown, as his rightful and proper Inheritance.

If three Sons fail, she'll make the fourth a King.

The Duke of York had four Sons; Edward Earl of March, that afterward was Duke of York, and King of England, when he had deposed Henry the Sixth; and Edmund Earl of Rutland, slain by the Lord Clifford, at the Battle at Wakefield; and George Duke of Clarence, that was murdered in the Tower; and Richard Duke of Gloucester, who was (after he had murdered his Brothers Sons) King, by the Name of Richard the Third.

He that's so like his Dam, her youngest Dick,
That foul ill-favour'd crook-back'd Stigmatick, &c.
Till this Verse, As though begot an age, &c.

This Richard (whom ironically she calls Dick) that by Treason, after the murder of his Nephews, obtained the Crown, was a Man low of stature, crook-back'd, the left shoulder much bigger than the right, and of a very crabbed and sour countenance: His Mother could not be delivered of him; he was born Toothed, and with his Feet forward, contrary to the course of Nature.

To over-shadow our Vermilion Rose.

The Red Rose was the Badge of the House of Lancaster, and the White Rose, of York ; which by the marriage of Henry the Seventh with Elizabeth, indubitate Heir of the House of York, was happily united.

Or who will muzzle that unruly Bear.

The Earl of Warwick, the setter up and puller down of Kings, gave for his Arms the White Bear rampant, and the Ragged Staff.

My daisy flower, which once perfum'd the Air,
Which for my favour Princes dayn'd to wear,
Now in the dust lies, &c.

The Daisy in French is called Margarite, which was Queen Margarets Badge ; wherewithal the Nobility and Chivalry of the Land, at her first arrival, were so delighted, that they wore it in their Hats in token of Honour.

And who be Stars, but Warwicks bearded Staves?

The ragged and bearded Staff was a part of the Arms belonging to the Earldom of Warwick.

Sland'ring Duke Rayner with base Beggery.

Rayner, Duke of Anjou, called himself King of Naples, Sicile, and Jerusalem, who had neither Inheritance, nor received any Tribute from those Parts ; and was not able, at the Marriage of the Queen, at his own Charge, to send her
I. into

in England, though he gave no Dowry with her: Which, by the Duchess of Gloucester, was often, in disgrace, cast in her Teeth.

A Kentish Rebel, a base upstart Groom.

This was Jack Cade, which caused the Kentish Men to rebel, in the eight and twentieth year of King Henry the Sixth.

And this is he the White Rose must prefer,
By Clarence Daughter match'd to Mortimer.

This Jack Cade, instructed by the Duke of York, pretended to be descended from Mortimer, which married Lady Philip Daughter to the Duke of Clarence.

And makes us weak, by strengthening Ireland.

The Duke of York being made Deputy of Ireland, first there began to practise his long pretended purpose, and strengthening himself by all means possible, that he might, at his return into England, by open War, claim that which so long before he had privily gone about to obtain.

Great Winchester untimely is deceas'd.

Henry Beauford Bishop and Cardinal of Winchester, Son to John of Gaunt, begot in his age, was a proud and ambitious Prelate, favouring mightily the Queen and the Duke of Suffolk, continually heaping up innumerable Treasures, in hope to have been Pope, as himself on his death-bed confessed.

With France t'upbraid the valiant Somerset.

Edmund Duke of Somerset, in the four and twentieth year of Henry the Sixth, was made Regent of France, and sent into Normandy, to defend the English Territories against the French Invasions: but in short time he lost all that King Henry the Fifth won; for which cause, the Nobles and Commons ever after hated him.

T'indure these storms with woful Buckingham.

Humphry Duke of Buckingham, was a great Favorite of the Queens Faction, in the time of Henry the Sixth.

And one foretold, by Water thou shouldst dye.

The Witch of Eye received answer from her Spirit, That the Duke of Suffolk should take heed of Water: Which the Queen fore-warns him of, as remembering the Witches Prophecie; which afterwards came to pass.

FINIS.

EDWARD the Fourth
TO
Mistress SHORE.

The ARGUMENT.

Edward the Fourth, Son to Richard Duke of York, after he had obtained quiet possession of the Crown, by deposing Henry the Sixth (which Henry was after murdered in the Tower by Crook'd-back Richard) hearing by report of many, the rare and wonderful Beauty of Mrs. Jane Shore (so called of her Husband a Goldsmith in Lombard-Sreet) cometh himself disguised to London to see her; where after he had once beheld her, he was so surpris'd with her admirable Beauty, that not long after he robbed her Husband of his dearest Jewel, but he first, by this Epistle writeth to his beauteous Paramour.

TO thee the fair'st that ever breath'd this Air,
* From *English Edward*, to thee fairest fair:
Ah, would to God thy Title were no more,
That no remembrance might remain of *Shore*,
To countermand a Monarchs high desire,
And barr mine Eyes of what they most admire!
O, why

Oh! why should Fortune make the City proud!
To give that more, than is the Court allow'd?
Where they (like Wretches) hoord it up to spare,
And do ingross it, as they do their Ware.

When Fame first blaz'd thy Beauty hear in
Mine Ears repuls'd it as a light Report: (Court,
But when mine Eyes saw what mine Ear had
(heard,

They thought Report too niggardly had spar'd;
And stricken dumb with wonder, did but mut-
Conceiving more than it had words to utter. (ter,

Then think of what thy Husband is posselt,
When I malign the Wealth wherewith hee's blest;

"When much abundance makes the needy mad,

"Who having all, yet knows not what is had;

"Into Fools Bosoms this good fortune creeps,

"And Summs come in, whilst the base Miser sleeps.

If now thy Beauty be of such esteem,

Which all of so rare excellency deem;

What would it be, and prized at what rate,

Were it adorned with a Kingly State?

Which being now but in so mean a Bed,

Is like an un-cut Diamond in Lead,

Ere it be set in some high-prized Ring,

Or garnished with rich enamelling;

We see the beauty of the Stone is spilt,

Wanting the gracious Ornament of Gilt.

* When first attracted by thy heavenly Eyes,

I came to see thee in a strange Disguise,

Passing thy Shop, thy Husband call'd me back,
 Demanding what rare Jewel I did lack,
 I want (thought I) One that I dare not crave,
 And One, I fear, thou wilt not let me have,
 He calls for Caskets forth, and shews me store;
 But yet I knew he had one Jewel more,
 And deadly curst him, that he did deny it,
 That I might not for Love or Mony buy it.
 O, might I come a Diamond to buy,
 That had but such a Lustre as thine Eye,
 Would not my Treasure serve, my Crown should
 If any Jewel could be prized so! (go,
 An *Agat*, branched with thy *blushing strains*,
 A *Saphir*, but so *azur'd* as thy *veins*;
 My Kingly Scepter only should redeem it,
 At such a price if judgement could esteem it.

How fond and senseless be those Strangers then
 Who bring in Toys, to please the *English* men?
 I smile to think, how fond th' *Italians* are,
 To judge their artificial Gardens rare;
 When *London* in thy Cheeks can shew them here
 Roses and Lillies growing all the year:
 The *Portugal*, that only hopes to win,
 By bringing Stones from farthest *India* in;
 When happy *Shore* can bring them forth a Girl,
 Whose Lips be Rubies, and her Teeth be Pearl.
 * How silly is the *Polander* and *Dane*,
 * To bring us Crystal from the frozen Main?
 When thy clear Skins transparence doth surpass
 Their Crystal, as the Diamond doth Glass.

The foolish *French*, which bring in Trash and
(Toys,

To turn our Women Men, our Girls to Boys,
When with what 'Tire thou dost thy self adorn,
That for a Fashion only shall be worn ;
Which though it were a Garment but of Hair,
More rich than Robe, that ever Empress ware.

Me thinks thy Husband takes his mark awry,
To set his Plate to sale, when thou art by ;
When they which do thy Angel-looks behold,
As the base Dross, do but respect his Gold,
And wish one Hair, before that massy Heap,
And but one Lock, before the Wealth of *Cheap* :
And for no cause else hold we Gold so dear,
But that it is so like unto thy Hair.

And sure I think, *Shore* cannot chuse but flout
Such as would find the great *Elixir* out,
And laugh to see the Alchymists, that choke
Themselves with Fumes, and waste their Wealth
(in Smoke ;

When if thy Hand but toucht the grossest Mold,
It is converted to refined Gold :

When their's is barter'd at an easie rate,
Well known to all, to be adulterate ;
And is no more, when it by thine is set,
Than paltry Beugle, or light-prized Jeat.

Let others wear Perfumes, for thee unmeet,
If there were none, thou couldst make all things
(sweet :

Thou comfort'st ev'ry Sense with sweet repast,
To hear, to see, to feel, to smell, to taste;
Like a rich Ship, whose very refuse Ware,
Aromaticks, and precious Odors are.

If thou but please to walk into the *Pawn*,
To buy thee Cambrick, Callico and Lawn,
If thou the whiteness of the same wouldst prove,
From thy more whiter Hand pluck off thy Glove;
And those which buy, as the Beholders stand,
Will take thy Hand for Lawn, Lawn for thy Hand.

A thousand Eyes, clos'd up by envious Night,
Do wish for Day, but to enjoy thy sight; (thee,
And when they once have blest their Eyes with
Scorn ev'ry Object else, what ere they see;
So, like a Goddess, Beauty still controuls,
And hath such pow'rful working in our Souls.
The Merchant, which in Traffique spends his life,
Yet loves at home to have a handsom Wife;
The blunt-spoke Cynick, poring on his Book,
Sometimes (aside) at Beauty loves to look;
The Church-man, by whose Teaching we are led,
Allows what keeps love in the Marriage Bed;
The bloudy Souldier, spent in dang'rous Broyls,
With Beauty yet content to share his Spoils;
The buisy Lawyer, wrangling in his Pleas,
Findeth, that Beauty gives his Labour ease;
The toying Trades-man, and the sweating Clown,
Would have his Wench fair, though his Bread be
So much is Beauty pleasing unto all, (brown;
That Prince and Peasant equally doth call;

Nor

Nor ever yet did any Man despise it,
Except too dear, and that he could not prize it.

Unlearn'd is Learning, Artless be all Arts,
If not imploy'd to praise thy sev'ral Parts:
Poor plodding School-men they are far too low,
Which by Probations, Rules and Axioms go;
He must be still familiar with the Skies,
Which notes the Revolutions of thine Eyes:
And by that skill which measure Sea and Land,
See Beauties *All*, thy Waste, thy Foot, thy Hand;
Where he may find, the more that he doth view,
Such rare delights, as are both strange and new;
And other Worlds of Beauty, more and more,
Which never were discovered before:
And to thy rare Proportion, to apply
The Lines and Circles in Geometry;
Using alone Arithmeticks strong ground,
Numbring the Vertues that in thee are found:
And when these all have done what they can do,
For thy Perfections, all too little too.

When from the East the Dawn hath gotten out,
And gone to seek thee all the World about,
Within thy Chamber hath she fix'd her Light,
Where, but that place, the World hath all been
Then is it fit, that ev'ry vulgar Eye (Night:
Should see Love banquet in her Majesty? (quent,
"We deem those things our Sight do most fre-
"To be but mean, although most excellent;

" For

"For strangers, still the streets are swept and
(strow'd,

"Few look on such as daily come abroad ;

"Things much restrain'd, do make us much de-
(fire them,

"And Beauties feldome seen, makes us admire

Nor is it fit, a City-shop should hide (them.

The Worlds Delight, and Natures only Pride ;

But in a 'Princes sumptuous Gallery,

Hung all with Tissue, floor'd with Tapestry ;

Where thou shalt sit, and from thy State shalt see

The Tilts and Triumphs that are done for thee.

Then know the difference (if thou list to prove)

Betwixt a Vulgar and a Kingly Love ; (truth,

And when thou find'st, as now thou doubt'st, the

Be thou thy self impartial Judge of both.

Where Hearts be knit, what helps, if not injoy ?

Delay breeds doubts, no Cunning to be coy ;

Whilst lazy Time his turn by tarriance serves,

Love still grows sickly, and Hope daily starves :

Mean while, receive that Warrant by these Lines,

Which Princely Rule and Sov'raignty resigns ;

Till when, these Papers, by their Lords com-

(mand,

By me shall kiss thy sweet and lovely Hand.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History.

THis Epistle of Edward to Mistres Shore, and of hers to him, being of unlawful Affection, ministreth small occasion of Historical Notes; for had he mentioned the many Battels betwixt the Lancastrian Faction and him, or other Warlike Dangers, it had been more like to Plautus boasting Souldier, than a Kingly Courtier. Notwithstanding, it shall not be amiss to annex a Line, or two.

From English Edward to the fairest fair.

Edward the Fourth was by nature very Chivalrous, and very Amorous, applying his sweet and aimable Aspect to attain his wanton Appetite the rather: which was so well known to Lewis the French King, who at their interview invited him to Paris, that as Comineus reports, being taken at his word, he notwithstanding brake off the matter, fearing the Parisian Dames, with their witty conversation, would detain him longer than should be for his benefit: by which means, Edward was disappointed of his Journey. And albeit Princes, whilst they live, have nothing in them but what is admirable; yet we need not mistrust the flattery of the Court in those times: For certain it is, that his share was excellent; his Hair drew near to a black, making the favour of his Face seem more delectable: though the smallness of his Eyes, full of a shining moisture, as it took away some Comeliness, so it argued much sharpness of Understanding, and Cruelty mingled together. And indeed, George Beucanan (that imperious Scot) chargeth him, and other Princes of those Times, with affliction of Tyranny; as Richard the third manifestly did.

When

When first attracted by thy heavenly Eyes:

Edwards intemperate desires, with which he was wholly overcome, how tragically they in his Off-spring were punished, is universally known. A Mirrour, representing their Over-sight, that rather leave their Children what to possess, than what to imitate.

How silly is the Polander and Dane.
To bring us Crystal from the frozen Main?

Alluding to their Opinions, who imagine Crystal to be a kind of Ice; and therefore it is likely, they who come from those frozen parts, should bring great store of that transparent Stone, which is thought to be congealed with extream Cold. Whether Crystal be Ice, or some other liquor, I omit to dispute; yet by the examples of Amber and Coral, there may be such an induration: for Solinus out of Pliny mentioneth, That in the Northern Region a yellow Gelly is taken up out of the Sea at low Tides, which he called Succinum, we, Amber; so likewise, out of the Ligustic Deep, a part of the Mediterranean Sea, a greenish Stalk is gathered, which hardened in the Air, comes to be Coral, either white or red. Amber notwithstanding is thought to drop out of Trees; as appears by Martials Epigram:

Et latet, & lucet, Phaetontide condita gutta,
Ut videatur apis nectare clausa suo.
Dignum tantorum pretium tulit ille laborum;
Credibile est ipsam sic voluisse mori.

To behold a Bee inclosed in Electrum, is not so rare, as that a Boys Throat should be cut with the fall of an Ice-sicle, the

*the which Epigram is excellent, the 18. li. 4. He calls it Phaetontis Gutta, because of that Fable which Ovid reber-
seth, concerning the Heliades, or Phaetons Sisters, meta-
morphosed into those Trees, whose Gum is Amber, where Flies
alighting, are oftentimes tralucently imprisoned.*

THE
EPISTLE

OF

Mistress *S H O R E*

TO

King *E D W A R D* the Fourth.

(wing,

AS the weak Child, that from the Mothers
Is taught the Lutes delicious fingering,
At ev'ry Strings soft touch, is mov'd with fear,
Noting his Masters curious list'ning Ear;
Whose trembling Hand, at ev'ry strain bewrays,
In what doubt he his new-set Lesson plays:
As this poor Child, so fit I to indite,
At ev'ry word still quaking as I write.

* Would

* Would I had led an humble Shepherds life,
 * Nor known the name of *Shores* admired Wife,
 And liv'd with them, in Countrey fields that range,
 Nor seen the golden *Cheap*, nor glitt'ring *Change*.
 Here, like a *Comet* gaz'd at in the Skies,
 Subject to all Tongues, object to all Eyes:
 Oft have I heard my Beauty prays'd of many,
 But never yet so much admir'd of any;
 A Princes Eagle-Eye to find out that,
 Which common Men do seldom wonder at,
 Makes me to think Affection flatters Sight,
 Or in the Object something exquisite.

"To hous'd Beauty seldom stoop's Report,
 "Fame must attend on that, which lives in Court.
 What Swan of bright *Apollo's* Brood doth sing,
 To vulgar Love, in Courtly Sonneting?
 Or what immortal Poets sacred Pen
 Attends the glory of a Citizen?
 Oft have I wondred, what should blind your Eye,
 Or what so far seduced Majesty,
 That having choice of Beauties so divine,
 Amongst the most, to chuse this least of mine?
 More glorious Suns adorn fair *Londons* pride,
 Then all rich *Englands* Continent beside;
 That who t'account their Multitudes, would wish,
 * Might number *Rumney's* Flowers, or *Iris* Fish.
 Who doth frequent our Temples, Walkes, and
 (Streets,

Noting the sundry Beauties that he meets,

Thinks

Thinks not, that Nature left the wide World poor,
And made this place the Chequer of her store:
As Heav'n and Earth had lately faln at jars,
And grown to vying Wonders, dropping Stars:
That if but some one Beauty should incite
Some sacred Muse, some ravish'd Spirit to write,
Here might he fetch the true *Promethian* fire,
That after-Ages should his Lines admire;
Gathering the Hony from the choicest Flow'rs,
Scorning the wither'd Weeds in Country Bow'rs.
Here in this Garden (only) springs the Rose,
In ev'ry common Hedge the Bramble grows:
Nor are we so turn'd *Neapolitan*,

* That might incite some foul-mouth'd *Mantuan*,
To all the World to lay out our defects,
And have just cause to rail upon our Sex;
To prank old Wrinckles up in new Attire,
To alter Natures course, prove time a Lyer,
To abuse Fate, and Heav'n's just Doom reverse,
On Beauties Grave to set a Crimson Hearse;
With a deceitful Foil to lay a ground,
To make a Glasse to seem a Diamond:
Nor cannot without hazard of our Name,
In Fashion follow the *Venetian* Dame;
Nor the fantastick *French* to imitate,
Attir'd half *Spanish*, half *Italianate*;
With Waste, nor Curl, Body nor Brow adorn,
That is in *Florence* or in *Genoa* born.

But with vain boasts how witless fond am I,
Thus to draw on mine own Indignity?

And

And what though married when I was but young,
Before I knew what did to Love belong ;
Yet he which now's possessed of the room,
Crop'd Beauties Flower when it was in the bloom,
And goes away enriched with the Store,
Whilst others glean, where he hath reap'd before:
And he dares swear, that I am true and just,
And shall I then deceive his honest trust ?
Or what strange hope should make you to assail,
Where the strong'st Batt'ry never could prevail ?
Be like you think, that I repuls'd the rest,
To leave a King the Conquest of my Breast,
And have thus long preserv'd my life from all,
To have a Monarch glory in my fall ;
Yet rather let me die the vilest death,
Than live to draw that sin-polluted breath.
But our kind Hearts, Mens Tears cannot abide,
And we least angry oft, when most we chide.
Too well know Men what our Creation made us,
And Nature too well taught them to invade us :
They but too well, know how, what, when, and
To write, to speak, to sue, and to forbear, (where,
By sighs, by sighs, by motions, and by tears,
When Vows should serve, when Oaths, when
(Smiles, when Prayers.
What one Delight our Humors most doth move,
Only in that you make us nourish Love.
If any natural blemish blot our Face,
You do protest, it gives our Beauty grace ;

And

And what Attire we most are us'd to wear,
 That, of all other, excellent'st, you swear :
 And if we walk, or sit, or stand, or lie,
 It must resemble some one Diety ;
 And what you know we take delight to hear,
 That are you ever sounding in our ear ;
 And yet so shameless, when you tempt us thus,
 To lay the fault on Beauty and on us.
Romes wanton *Ovid* did those Rules impart,
 O, that your Nature should be help'd with Att !

(reign,

Who would have thought, a King that cares to
 Inforc'd by Love, so Poet-like should feign ?
 To say that Beauty, Times stern rage to shun,
 In my Cheeks (Lillies) hid her from the Sun ;
 And when she meant to triumph in her May,
 Made that her East, and here she broke her Day :
 And that fair Summer still is in my sight,
 And but where I am, all the World is Night ;
 Asthough the fair'st ere since the World began,
 To me, a Sun-burnt base *Egyptian*.

But yet I know more than I mean to tell,
 (O would to God you knew it not too well !)
 That Women oft their most admirers raise,
 Though publicly not flat'ring their own praise.
 Our churlish Husbands, which our Youth enjoy'd,
 Who with our Dainties have their stomachs cloy'd,
 Do loath, our smooth Hands with their Lips to
 T'rich our Favours, by our Beds to kneel, (feel,

And

M

At

At our Command to wait, to send, to go,
 As ev'ry Hour our amorous servants do ;
 Which makes, a stoln Kiss often we bestow,
 In earnest of a greater good we owe.
 When he all day torments us with a Frown,
 Yet sports with *Venus* in a Bed of Down :
 Whole rude imbracement but too ill beseems
 Her span-broad Waste, her white and dainty
 (Limbs;

And yet still preaching abstinence of Meat,
 When he himself of ev'ry Dish will eat.

Blame you our Husbands then, if they deny
 Our publique Walking, our loose Liberty ?

If with exception still they us debarr

* The Circuit of the publique Theater ;

To hear the Poet in a Comick strain,

Able t'infest with his lascivious Scene ;

And the young wanton Wits, when they applaud

The flie perswasion of some subtil Bawd ;

Or passionate Tragedian, in his rage

Acting a Love-sick Passion on the Stage :

When though abroad restraining us to Rome,

They very hardly keep us safe at home ;

And oft are touch'd with fear and inward grief,

Knowing rich Prizes soonest tempt a Thief.

What Sports have we, whereon our minds to

Our Dogg, our Parat, or our Marmuzet ; (set ?

Or once a week to walk into the field ;

Small is the pleasure that these Toys do yield,

But

But to this grief a medicine you apply,
To cure restraint with that sweet Liberty;
And Sovereignty (O that bewitching thing)
Yet made more great, by promise of a King;
And more, that Honour which doth most intice
The holiest Nun, and she that's ne're so nice.
Thus still we strive, yet overcome at length,
For men want mercy and poor women strength:
Yet grant, that we could meaner men resist,
When Kings once come, they conquer as they list.
Thou art the cause, *Shore* pleaseth not my sight,
That his embraces give me no delight;
Thou art the cause I to my self am strange,
Thy coming is my Fall, thy Set my Change.
Long Winter nights be minutes, if thou here;
Short minutes, if thou absent, be a year.
And thus by strength thou art become my fate,
And mak'st me love even in the midst of hate.

ANNOTATIONS on the Chronicle History.

Would I had led an humble Shepherds life.
Not known the name of *Shores* admired wife.

Two or three Poems written by sundry men, have magnified this *Womans* Beauty; whom, that ornament of England, and Londons more perticular glory, Sir Thomas Moor, very highly hath praised her for beauty, she being alive in his time, though poor and aged. Her Stature was mean,

mean, her Hair of a dark yellow, her Face round and full, her Eye gray, delicate harmony being betwixt each parts proportion, and each proportions colour, her Body fat, white, and smooth, her Countenance chearful, and like to her Condition. That Picture which I have seen of hers, was such as she rose out of her Bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich Mantle, cast under one Arm over her shoulder, and sitting in a Chair, on which her naked Arm did lie. What her Fathers name was, or where she was born, is not certainly known: But Shore, a young man of right goodly person, wealth, and behaviour abandoned her Bed, after the King had made her his Concubine. Richard the Third causing her to do penance in Pauls Church-yard, commanded that no man should relieve her, which the Tyrant did not so much for his hatred, to sin, but that by making his Brothers life odious, he might cover his horrible Treasons the more cunningly.

May number Rumneys Flowers or Isis Fish.

Rumney is that famous Marsh in Kent, at whose side Rie, a Haven Town, doth stand. Hereof the excellent English Antiquary, Master Camden, and Master Lambert in his Perambulation, do make mention. And Marshes are commonly called those low Grounds which abut upon the Sea, and from the Latin word are so denominated. Isis is here used for Thamesis by a Synecdochical kind of speech, or by a Poetical liberty, in using one for another: for it is said, that Thamesis is compounded of Tame and Isis, making when they are met, that renowned Water running by London; a City much more renowned than that Water: Which being plentiful of Fish, is the cause also why all things else are plentiful therein. Moreover, I am persuaded, that there is no River in the World beholds more stately Buildings on either side, clean than the Thames. Much is reported of the Grand Canale in Venice, for that the Fronts on either side are so gorgeous.

That

That might intice some foul-mouth'd *Mantuan*.

Mantuan, a Pastoral Poet, in one of his Eclogues bitterly inveigheth against Womankind; some of the which, by way of an Appendix, might be here inserted, seeing the fantastick and insolent Humors of many of that Sex, deserve much sharper Physick, were it not, that they are grown wiser, than to amend for such an idle Poets speech as *Mantuan*, yea, or for Euripides himself, or Seneca's inflexible Hippolitus.

The Circuit of the publick Theatre :

Ovid, a most fit Author for so dissolute a Sectarie, calls that place, Chastities Shipwrack; for though Shores Wife wantonly pleads for Liberty, which is the true humor of a Citizen; yet much more is the praise of Modesty, than of such Liberty. Howbeit the Vestal Nuns had Seats assigned them in the Roman Theatre: Whereby it should appear, it was counted no impeachment to Modesty; though they offending therein, were buried quick: A sharp Law for them, who may say as Shores Wife does.

When though abroad restraining us to rome,
They very hardly keep us safe at home.

F I N I S.

M 3

Mary

Mary the French Queen
T O
Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolk.

The ARGUMENT.

Mary, the Daughter of that Renowned Prince King Henry the Seventh, being very young at her Fathers death, was after by her Brother King Henry the Eighth, given in marriage to Lewis King of France, being a man old and decrepit; This fair and beautiful Lady, long before had placed her Affections on Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolk, a brave and courageous young Gentleman, and an especial Favorite of the King her Brother, and a Man raised by him. King Lewis the Husband of the beautiful Queen died not long after he was married, and Charles Brandon having Commission from the King to bring her back to England, but being delayed by some sinister means, the French Queen writeth this Epistle to hasten the Duke forward on his intended voyage to France.

*S*uch health from Heav'n my self may wish to
(me,
Such health from *France Queen Mary* sends to thee.
Brandon

Brandon, how long mak'st thou excuse to stay,
And know'st how ill we Women brook delay?
If one poor Channel thus can part us two,
Tell me (unkind) what would an Ocean do?

Leander had an *Hellespont* to swim,
Yet this from *Hero* could not hinder him; (Oares,
His Bark (poor Soul) his Breast; his Arms his
But thou a Ship to land thee on our Shores:
And opposite to famous *Kent*, doth lie
The pleasant Fields of flowry *Picardy*,
Where our fair *Callice*, walled in her Sands,
In kenning of the Clifffy *Dover* stands.

Here is no Bedlam Nurse, to pout nor lour,
When wantoning, we revel in my Towre,
Nor need I top my Turret with a Light,
To guide thee to me, as thou swim'st by Night;
Compar'd with me, wert thou but half so kind,
Thy Sighs should stuff thy Sails, though wanting

(Wind:

But ah thy Breast's becalm'd, thy Sighs be slack,
And mine too stiff, and blow thy broad Sayls back.
Perhaps thou'lt say, that I should blame the Flood,
Because the Wind so full against thee stood:
Nay blame it not, that it did roughly blow,
For it did chide thee that thou wait so slow;
Think not it came to keep thee in the Bay,
T'was sent from me, to bid thee come away:
But that thou vainly let'st occasion slide,
Thou might'st have wasted hither with the Tide.

If when thou com'st, I knit mine angry Brow,
 Blame me not, *Brandaon*, thou hast broke thy Vow;
 Yet if I meant to frown, I might be dumb,
 For this may make thee stand in doubt to come:

(guide,
 Nay come, sweet *Charles*, have care thy Ship to
 Come, my sweet Heart, in Faith I will not chide.

When as my Brother and his lovely Queen,
 In sad Attire for my depart were seen,
 * The utmost date expired of my stay,
 * When I from *Dover* did depart away;
 Thou know'st what Woe I suff'ered for thy sake,
 How oft I fain'd, of thee my leave to take;
 God and thou know'st, with what an heavy heart
 I took my farwel, when I should depart;
 And being ship'd gave signal with my Hand
 Up to the Cliff, where I did see thee stand;
 Nor could refrain, in all the peoples view,
 But cry'd to thee, Sweet *Charles*, adieu, adieu.
 Look how a little Infant, that hath lost
 The thing wherewith it was delighted most,
 Weary with seeking, to some corner creeps,
 And there (poor Soul) it sits it down and weeps;
 And when the Nurse would fain content the
 Yet still it mourns, for that it cannot find: (mind,
 Thus in my careful Cabbin did I lye,
 When as the Ship out of the Road did flie. (thee,
 * Think'st thou my Love was faithful then to
 When young *Castle* to *England* su'd for me?

Be judge thy self, if it were not of power,
 When I refus'd an Empire for my Dower.
 To *Englands* Court, when once report did bring,
 How thou in *France* didst revel with the King,
 * When he in triumph of his victory,
 * Under a rich imbroid'ed Canopy,
 * Entred proud *Tournay*, which did trembling
 To beg for mercy at his conqu'ring hand; (stand,
 To hear of his endearments, how I joy'd?
 But see, this calm was suddenly destroy'd.
 * When *Charles* of *Castile* there to banquet came,
 * With him his Sister, that ambitious Dame,
 * *Savoy's* proud Dutches, knowing how long she
 * All means had try'd to win my love from me;
 Fearing my absence might thy vows acquite,
 To change thy *Mary* for a *Margarite*,
 * When in King *Henries* Tent of Cloth of Gold,
 She often did thee in her Arms enfold;
 Where you were feasted more deliciously,
 Than *Cleopatra* did *Mark Anthony*,
 Where sports all day did intertain your sight,
 And then in Masks you pass'd away the night.
 But thou wilt say, 'tis proper unto us,
 That we by nature all are jealous:
 "I must confess 'tis oft found in our Sex,
 "But who not love, not any thing suspects:
 "True love doth look with pale suspicious eye,
 "Take away love, if you take jealousy.
Turwin and *Turney* when King *Henry* took,
 For this great change who then did ever look?
 When

* When *Maximilian* to those wars addrest,
 * Wore *Englands* Cross on his Imperial breast,
 * And in our Army let his Eagle flie,
 * That view'd our Ensigns with a wond'ring Eye,
 Little thought I when *Bullen* first was won,
 Wedlock should end, what angry War begun.
 • From which I vow, I yet am free in thought,
 * But this alone by *Wolseies* wit was wrought.
 To his advice the King gave free consent;
 That will I, nill I, I must be content.
 My Virgins right, thy state could not advance,
 But now enriched with the Dower of *France*;
 'Then, but poor *Suffolk's* Dutcheſs had I been,
 Now, the great Dowager, the most Christian
 (Queen.

But I perceive where all thy grief doth lie,
Lewis of *France* had my Virginitie,
 He had indeed, but shall I tell thee what,
 Believe me, *Brandon*, he had scarcely that:
 Good feeble King, he could not do much harm,
 But Age must needs have something that is warm;
 "Small drops (God knows) do quench that heat-
 "When all the strength is only in desire. (less fire.
 And I could tell (if Modesty might tell)
 There's somewhat else that pleaseth Lovers well;
 To rest his Cheek, upon my softer Cheek,
 Was all he had, and more he did not seek;
 So might the little Baby clip the Nurse,
 And it content, she never a whit the worse:

Then

Then think this, *Brandon*, if that make thee

(frown,
He on my Head, for Maydenhead, set a Crown.
Who would not change, a Kingdom for a Kiss?
Hard were the Heart that would not yield him
And time yet half so swiftly doth not pass, (this;
Nor yet full five Months elder then I was.

When thou to *France* conducted wast by Fame,
With many Knights which from all Countries
(came,

To see me at Saint *Dennis* on my Throne,
Where *Lewes* held my Coronation;

* Where the proud Dolphin, for thy valour sake;

* Chose thee at Tilt his Princely part to take;

When as the Staves upon thy Cask did light,
Grieved therewith, I turn'd away my sight,

And spake aloud, when I my self forgot,

'Tis my sweet *Charles*, my *Brandon*, hurt him not:

But when I fear'd the King perceived this,

Good silly Man, I pleas'd him with a Kiss,

And to extoll his valiant Son began,

That *Europe* never bred a braver Man;

And when (poor King) he simply praised thee

Of all the rest I ask'd which thou shouldst be?

Thus I with him dissembled for thy sake,

Open confession now amends must make.

Whilst this old King upon a Pallat lies,

And only holds a combat with mine Eyes;

Mine Eyes from his, by thy sight stoln away,
Which might too well their Mistres Thoughts

(bewray.

But when I saw thy proud unconquer'd Launce
To bear the Prize from all the flow'r of *France*;
To see what pleasure did my Soul embrace,
Might eas'ly be discerned in my Face.

Look, as the Dew upon a Damask Rose, (shows,
How through that liquid Pearl his blushing
And when the gentle air breaths on his top,
From the sweet Leaves falls eas'ly drop by drop;
Thus by my Cheek, distilling from mine Eyes,
One Tear for Joy anothers Room supplies. (prove.

Before mine Eye (like Touch) thy shape did
Mine Eye condemn'd my too too partial Love;

But since by others I the same do try,
My Love condemns my too too partial Eye.

The precious stone, most beautiful and rare,
When with it self we only it compare,
We deem all other of that kind to be
As excellent, as that we only see;

But when we judge of that, with others by,
Too credulous we do condemn our Eye,
Which then appears more orient, and more bright,
Having a Foyl whereon to shew its light.

Alanson, a fine timb'red Man, and tall,
Yet wants the shape thou art adorn'd withal;
Vandome good Carriage, and a pleasing Eye,
Yet hath not *Suffolk's* Princely Majesty;

Couragious

Couragious *Barbon*, a sweet Manly Face,
Yet in his Looks lacks *Brandon's* Courtly Grace.
Proud *Longavile* suppos'd to have no Peer, (here.
A man scarce made was thought, whilst thou wast
The Count *Saint-Paul*, our best at Arms in *France*,
Would yield himself a Squire, to bear thy Lauce.

* *Galleas* and *Bounarm*, matchless for their
(might,
Under thy towring Blade have couch'd in fight.

If with our Love my Brother angry be,
I'll say, to please him, I first fancied thee,
And but to frame my liking to his mind.
Never to thee had I been half so kind,
Worthy my love, the Vulgar judge no man.
Except a *Torkist* or *Lancastrian*;
Nor think, that my affection should be set,
But in the Line of great *Plantaginet*.
I mind not what the idle Commons say,
I pray thee *Charles* make hast and come away.
To thee what's *England*, if I be not there?
Or what to me is *France*, if thou not here?
Thy absence makes me angry for a while,
But at thy presence I should gladly smile.

When last of me, his leave my *Brandon* took,
He sware an Oath (and made my Lips the Book)
He would make hast which now thou do'st denie;
Thou art forsworn: O wilful Perjury!
Sooner would I with greater sins dispence,
Than by intreaty pardon this Offence.

But

But then I think, if I should come to thrive thee,
 Great were the Fault that I should not forgive
 Yet wert thou here, I should revenged be, (thee,
 But it should be with too much loving thee.
 I, that is all that thou shalt fear to taste; (hast.
 I pray thee *Brandon* come, sweet *Charles* make

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History.

The utmost date expired of my stay,
 When I for *Dover* did depart away.

King Henry the Eighth, with the Queen and Nobles, in the sixth year of his Reign, in the Month of September, brought this Lady to Dover, where she took shipping for France.

Think'st thou my love was faithful unto thee,
 When young *Castile* to *England* su'd for me.

It was agreed and concluded betwixt Henry the seventh and Philip King of Castile, Son to Maximilian the Emperor, That Charles eldest Son of the said Philip, should marry the Lady Mary, Daughter to King Henry, when they came to age: Which agreement was afterwards in the eight year of Henry the Eighth, annihilated.

When he, in triumph of his Victory,
 Under a rich imbroyd'ed Canopy,
 Entred proud *Turney*, which did trembling stand, &c.

Henry

Henry the Eight, after the long Siege of Turney, which was delivered to him upon composition, entered the City in Triumph, under a Canopy of Cloth of Gold, born by four of the Chief and most Noble Citizens; the King himself mounted upon a gallant Courser barbed with the Arms of England, France and Ireland.

*When Charles of Castile there to banquet came,
With him, his Sister, that ambitious Dame,
Savoy's proud Dutcheffs.*

The King being at Turney, there came to him the Prince of Castile, and the Lady Margaret, Dutches of Savoy, his Sister, to whom King Henry gave great intertainment.

*Savoy's proud Dutcheffs, knowing how long she
All means had try'd to win my love from me.*

At this time there was speech of a Marriage to be concluded, between Charles Brandon, then Lord Lisle, and the Dutcheffs of Savoy; the Lord Lisle being highly favoured, and exceedingly beloved of the Dutcheffs.

When in King Henries Tent of Cloth of Gold.

The King caused a rich Tent of Cloath of Gold to be erected, where he feasted the Prince of Castile, and the Dutcheffs, and entertained them with sumptuous Masks and Banquers, during their abode.

*When Maximilian to those Wars adrest,
Wore Englands Crofs on his Imperial Breast.*

Maximilian

Maximilian the Emperor, with all his Souldiers, which served under King Henry, wore the Cross of Saint George, with the Rose on their Breasts.

And in our Army let his Eagle flie.

The black Eagle is the Badge Imperial, which here is used for the displaying of his Ensign, or Standard.

That view'd our Ensigns with a wond'ring Eye.

Henry the Eighth, at his Wars in France, retained the Emperor and all his Souldiers in Wages, which served under him during those Wars.

But this alone by *Wolsey's* wit was wrought.

Thomas Wolsey the Kings Almoner, then Bishop of Lincoln, a Man of great Authority with the King, and afterward Cardinal, was the chief cause that this Lady Mary was married to the old French King, with whom the French had dealt under-band, to befriend him in that Match.

Where the proud Dolphin, for thy Valour sake,
Chose thee at Tilt his Princely part to take.

Francis, Duke of Valoys, and Dolphin of France, at the Marriage of the Lady Mary, in honour thereof proclaimed a Jests; where he chose the Duke of Suffolk and the Marquess of Dorset for his aids, at all Martial Exercises.

Galeas and Bounarme, matchless for their might.

This

This Count Galeas at the Juffs ran a Course with a Spear, which was at the Head five inches square on every side, and at the But nine Inches square, whereby he shewed his wondrous force and strength. This Bounarm, a Gentleman of France, at the same time came into the field, armed at all points, with ten Spears about him: in each Stirrop three, under each Thigh one, one under his left Arm, and one in his Hand; and putting his Horse to the Career, never stopped him till he had broken every Staff. Hall.

Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolk

T O

Mary the French Queen

BUT that my Faith commands me to forbear;
The fault's your own, if I impatient were;
Were my dispatch such as should be my speed,
I should want time your loving Lines to read.
Here in the Court, Camelion-like I fare,
And as that Creature only feed on Air;
All Day I wait, and all the Night I watch,
And starve mine Ears, to hear of my dispatch.
If *Dover* were th' *Abydos* of my Rest,
Or pleasant *Calice* were my *Maries Cest*,

You should not need, bright Queen, to blame me
 Did not the Distance, to Desire say no : (so,
 No tedious Night from Travel should be free,
 Till through the Seas, with swimming still to
 A snowy Path I made unto thy Bay, (thee,
 So bright as is that Nectar-stained Way.

The restless Sun by travelling doth wear,
 Passing his Course, to finish up the Year ;
 But *Paris* locks my Love, within the Main,
 And *London* yet thy *Brandon* doth detain.

Of thy firm love thou put'st me still in mind,
 But of my Faith, not one word can I find.

* When *Longavile* to *Mary* was affy'd,
 And thou by him wast made King *Lewis's* Bride,
 How oft I wish'd, that thou a Prize might'st be,
 That I in Arms might combat him for thee !
 And in the madness of my love distraught,
 A thousand times his Murther have fore-thought :
 " But that th' all-seeing Pow'rs, which sit above,
 " Regard not Mad-mens Oaths, nor faults in Love,
 " And have confirm'd it by the grant of Heaven,
 " That Lovers sins on Earth should be forgiven ;
 " For never Man is half so much distress'd,
 " As he that loves to see his Love possess'd.

Coming to *Richmond* after thy depart,
 (*Richmond*, where first thou stol'st away my heart)
 Me thought it look'd not as it did of late,
 But wanting thee, forlorn and desolate,
 In whose fair walks, thou often hast been seen,
 To sport with *Cath'rine*, *Henries* beautilous Queen,
 Astonishing

Astonishing sad Winter with thy sight,
So that for thee the day hath put back night;
And the small Birds, as in the pleasant Spring,
Forgot themselves, and have begun to sing.

So oft as I by *Thames* go and return,
Me thinks for thee the River yet doth mourn,
Whom I have seen to let his Stream at large,
Which like an Hand-maid waited on thy Barge;
And if thou hap'st against the Flood to row,
Which way it eb'd, it presently would flow,
Weeping in Drops upon the labouring Oares,
For joy that it had got thee from the Shoares.
The Swans with musick that the Rowers make,
Ruffling their plumes, came gliding on the Lake,
As the swift Dolphins by *Arions* strings,
Were brought to Land with Syren ravishings;
The flocks and herds that pasture near the Flood,
To gaze on thee, have oft forborn their food,
And sat down sadly mourning by the brim,
That they by Nature were not made to swim.

When as the Post to *Englands* Royal Court,
Of thy hard passage brought the true report,
* How in a storm thy well-rigg'd Ships were tost,
And thou thy self in danger to be lost:
I knew 'twas *Venus* loath'd that aged Bed,
Where Beauty so should be dishonoured;
Or fear'd the Sea-Nymphs haunting of the Lake,
If thou but seen, their Goddess should forsake.
And whirling round her Dove-drawn Coach about,
To view the Navy then in lanching out,

Her ayrie Mantle loofely doth unbind,
Which fanning forth a rougher gale of wind,
Wasted thy Sails with speed unto the Land,
And ran thy Ships on *Bullins* harb'ring strand.

How should I joy of thy arrive to hear?

But as a poor Sea-faring passenger,
After long travail, tempest torn and wrack'd,
By some unpitty'ng Pyrat that is lack'd;
Hears the false Robber that hath stoln his wealth,
Landed in some safe Harbour, and in health,
Inrich'd with the invaluable store,
For which he long had travelled before. (day,

* When thou to *Abvile* held'st th' appointed
We heard how *Lewis* met thee on the way;
Where thou, in glitt'ring Tissue strangely dight,
* Appear'd'st unto him like the Queen of Light;
In Cloath of Silver, all thy Virgin Train,
In Beauty sumptuous, as the Nothern Wain;
And thou alone the foremost glorious Star,
Which led'st the Team of that great *Waggoner*.

What could thy Thought be, but as I did think,
When thine Eyes tasted what mine Ears did drink?

* A cripple King, layd bed-rid long before,
Yet at thy coming, crept out of the door:
'Twas well he rid, he had no leggs to go,
But this thy Beauty forc'd his Body to;
For whom a Cullice had more fitter been,
Than in a golden Bed, a gallant Queen.
To use thy Beauty, as the Miser Gold,
Which hoards it up but only to behold;

Sill looking on it with a jealous Eye,
Fearing to lend, yet loving Usury:
O Sacriledge (if Beauty be divine)
The prophane Hand to touch the hallowed Shrine:
To surfeit sickness on the sound mans Diet,
To rob content, yet still to live unquiet.
And having all, to be of all beguil'd,
And yet still longing like a little Child. (Grays

* When Marqueſs *Dorſet*, and the valiant
To purchase Fame, firſt croſt the narrow Seas,
With all the Knights that my Associates went,
In honour of thy Nuptial Tournament;
Think'ſt thou I joy'd not in thy Beauties pride,
(ride?

* When thou in Triumph diſt through *Paris*
Where all the Streets, as thou diſt pace along,
With Arras, Biſs, and Tapeſtry were hung;
Ten thouſand gallant Citizens prepar'd,
In rich Attire thy Princely ſelf to guard:
Next them, three thouſand choice Religious Men,
In golden Veſtments follow'd on agen;
And in Proceſſion as they came along,
With *Hymen* ſweetly ſang thy Marriage Song,

* Next theſe, five Dukes, as did their places fall,
With each of them a Princely Cardinal;
Then thou, on thy Imperial Chariot ſet,
Crown'd with a rich impearled Coronet;
Whiſt the *Parifian* Dames, as thy Train paſt,
Their precious incenſe in abundance caſt.

As *Cynthia*, from her wave-embattel'd Shrowds,
Op'ning the West, comes streaming through the
(Clouds,

With shining Troops of Silver-tressed Stars,
Attending on her, as her Torch-bearers ;
And all the lesser Lights about her Throne,
With admiration stand as lookers on ;
Whilst she alone in height of all her pride,
The Queen of Light along her Sphere doth glide.

When on the Tilt my Horse like Thunder came,
No other Signal had I, but thy Name ; (Eyes,
Thy Voyce my Trumpet, and my Guide thine
And but thy Beauty, I esteem'd no prize.

* That large lim'd *Almain* of the Giants Race,
Which bare strength on his Breast, fear in his Face,
Whose sinew'd Arms, with his steel-temper'd Blade,
Through Plate and Mail such open passage made,
Upon whose Might the *Frenchmens* glory lay,
And all the hope of that victorious day ;
Thou saw'st thy *Brandon* beat him on his Kneee,
Off'ring his Shield a conquer'd Spoil to thee,
But thou wilt say, perhaps, I vainly boast,
And tell thee that which thou already know'st.
No sacred Queen, my Valour I deny,
It was thy Beauty, not my Chivalry :

One of thy tressed Curls there falling down,
As loath to be imprison'd in thy Crown,
I saw the soft Ayr sportively to take it,
And into strange and sundry forms to make it ;

Now

Now parting it to four, to three, to twain,
Now twisting it, then it untwist again;
Then make the threads to dally with thine Eye,
A Sunny Candle for a golden Fly.

At length from thence one little tear it got,
Which falling down as though a Star had shot,
My up-turn'd Eye pursu'd it with my Sight,
The which again redoubled all my Might.

'Tis but in vain, of my Descent to boast;
When Heav'ns Lamp shines, all other Lights be
Faulcons seem poor, the *Eagle* sitting by, (lost;
Whose Brood surveyes the Sun with open Eye:

* Else might my blood find Issue from his force,
* Who beat the Tyrant *Richard* from his Horse
On *Bosworth* Plain, whom *Richmond* chose to wield
His glorious Ensign in that conqu'ring Field;
And with his Sword, in his dear Sov'reigns fight,
To his last breath stood fast in *Henries* Right.

Then, beautiful Empress, think this safe delay,
Shall be the Even to a joyful Day:

"Fore-sight doth still on all advantage lye,
"Wise-men give place forc'd by necessity;
"To put back ill, our good we must forbear,
"Better first fear, then after still to fear.

'Twere over-sight in that, at which we aim,
To put the Hazzard on an after-Game;
With patience then let us our Hopes attend,
And till I come, receive these Lines I send.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History.

When Longavile to Mary was affy'd.

THe Duke of Longavile, who was Prisoner in England, upon the Peace to be concluded between England and France, was delivered, and married to the Princess Mary, for Lewis the French King, his Master.

How in a storm thy well-ri'd Ships were tost,
And thou, &c.

As the Queen sayled for France, a mighty storm arose at Sea, so that the Navy was in great danger, and was severed, some driven upon the Coast of Flanders, some on Brittain: the Ship wherein the Queen was driven into the Haven at Bullen, with very great danger.

When thou to Abvile held'st th'appointed day.

King Lewis met her by Abvile, near to the Forrest of Arders, and brought her into Abvile with great Solemnity.

Appeard'st unto him like the Queen of Light.

Expressing the sumptuous Attie of the Queen and her Train, attended by the chief of the Nobility of England, with six and thirty Ladies, all in Cloth of Silver, their Horses trapped with Crimson Velvet.

A criples King, laid Bedrid long before.

King Lewis was a man of great years troubled much with the Gout, so that he had long time before little use of his Legs.

When Marques Dorset, and the valiant Grayes.

The Duke of Suffolk, when the Proclamation came in- to England, of Justs to be holden in France at Paris; he, for the Queens sake, his Mistress, obtained of the King to go thither: With whom, went the Marquess Dorset, and his four Brothers, the Lord Clinton, Sir Edward Nevil, Sir Giles Capel, Thomas Cheyney, which went all over with the Duke, as his Assistants.

When thou in Triumph didst through Paris ride.

A true description of the Queens entring into Paris, after her Coronation performed at St. Denis.

Then five great Dukes, as did their Places fall.

The Dukes of Alanson, Burbon, Vandom, Longavile, Suffolk, with five Cardinals.

That larg-lim'd *Almain*, of the Giants Race.

Francis Valoys, the Dolphin of France, envying the glory that the English Men had obtained at the Tilt, brought in an Almain secretly, a Man thought almost of incomparable strength, which incountred Charles Brandon at the Barriers: but the Duke grappling with him, so beat him about the Head

Head with the Pummel of his Sword, that the blood came out of the fight of his Caske.

Else might my Blood find issue from his force,
Who beat &c.

Sir William Brandon, Standard bearer to the Earl of Richmond, (after Henry the Seventh) at Bosworth-Field, a brave and gallant Gentleman, who was slain by Richard there, this was Father to this Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.

FINIS.

Henry

Henry Howard Earl of Surrey
TO THE
Lady GERALDINE.

The ARGUMENT.

Henry Howard that truly noble Earl of Surrey, and excellent Poet, falling in love with Geraldine descended of the Noble Family of the Fitzs-Gerards of Ireland, a fair and modest Lady and one of the honourable Maids to Queen Catharine Dowager, eternizeth her praises in many excellent Poems of rare and sundry inventions, and after some few years being determined to see Italy, that famous Source and Helicon of all excellent Arts, first visiteth the renowned City of Florece, from whence the Geraldts challenge their descent from the ancient Family of the Geraldts: there in honour of his Mistress he advanceth her Picture, and lengtheneth to maintain her Beauty by deeds of Arms against all that durst appear in the Lists, where after the proof of his incomparable valour, whose Arms crowned her Beauty with eternal Memory, he writeth this Epistle to his dearest Mistress.

(same)

*FROM learned Florence, (long time rich in
From whence thy Race, thy noble Grand-
(sires came
To

To famous *England*, that kind Nurse of mine,
Thy *Surrey* sends to heav'nly *Geraldine* :
Yet let not *Tuscan* think I do it wrong,
That I from thence write in my Native Tongue,
That in these harsh-tun'd Cadences I sing,
Sitting so near the Muses sacred Spring ;
But rather think it self adorn'd thereby,
That *England* reads the praise of *Italy*.
Though to the *Tuscans* I the smoothness grant,
Our Dialect no Majesty doth want,
To set thy praises in as high a Key,
As *France*, or *Spain*, or *Germany* or they,
That day I quit the Fore-land of fair *Kent*,
And that my Ship her course for *Flanders* bent,
With what regret and how heavy a look,
My leave of *England* and of thee I took,
I did intreat the Tide (if it might be)
But to convey me one sigh back to thee.
Up to the Deck a Billow lightly skips,
Taking my sigh, and down again it slips ;
Into the Gulf, it self it headlong throws,
And as a Post to *England*-ward it goes.
As I fate wondring how the rough Seas stir'd,
I might far off perceive a little Bird,
Which as she fain from Shore to Shore would flie,
Had lost her self in the broad vasty Skie,
Her feeble Wing beginning to deceive her,
The Seas, of life, itill gaping to bereave her ;
Unto the Ship she makes, which she discovers,
And there (poor fool) a while for refuge hovers ;

And

And when at length her flagging Pinnion fails,
Painting she hangs upon the ratling Sails,
And being forc'd to loose her hold with pain,
Yet beaten off, she strait lights on again,

(with weather,
And tos'd with flaws, with storms, with wind,
Yet still departing thence, still turneth thither :

(bear,
Now with the Poop, now with the Prow doth
Now on this side, now that, now here, now there ;

Ye thinks these Storms should be my sad depart ;
The silly helpless Bird is my poor heart,
The Ship, to which for succor it repairs,
That is your self, regardless of my cares.

Of every Surge doth fall, or Waves doth rise,
To some one thing I fit and moralize.

When for thy love, I left the *Belgick* Shore,
Divine *Erasmus*, and our famous *More*,
Whose happy presence gave me such delight,
As made a minute of a Winters night ;
With whom a while I staid at *Roterdam*.

Now so renowned by *Erasmus* name.
Yet every hour did seem an Age of time,
Till I had seen that sole-reviving Clime,

And though the foggy *Netherlands* unfit,
A watry Soil to clog a fiery wit ;

And as that wealthy *Germany* I past,
Coming unto the Emperors Court at last,
Great learn'd *Agrippa*, so profound in Art,
Who the infernal secrets doth impart,

When

When of thy health I did desire to know,
Me in a Glafs my *Geraldine* did show,
Sick in thy Bed, thy Eyes had banish'd sleep,
By a Wax Taper fet the Light to keep,
I do remember thou did'st read that Ode,
Sent back whilst I in *Thanet* made abode,
Where when thou cam'st unto that word of Love,
Ev'n in thine Eyes I saw how passion strove;
That Snowy Lawn which covered thy Bed,
Me thought look'd white to see thy Cheek so red,
Thy Rosy Cheek oft changing in my sight,
Yet still was red, to see the Lawn so white;
The little Taper which should give thee light,
Me thought wax'd dim, to see thine Eye so bright;
Thine Eye again supply'd the Tapers turn,
And with his Beams more brightly made it burn,
The shrugging Ayr about thy Temples hurls,
And wrapt thy Breath in little clowded curls,
And as it did ascend, it strait did seize it,
And as it sunk, it presently did raise it;
Canst thou by sickness banish Beauty so?
Which if put from thee, knows not where to go,
To make her shift, and for her succour seek,
To every rivell'd Face, each bankrupt Cheek.
"If health preserv'd, thou Beauty still do'st che-
"If that neglected, Beauty soon doth perish. (rish,
Care draws on Care, Woe comforts Woe again,
Sorrow breeds Sorrow, one Grief brings forth
If live or die, as thou do'st, so do I, (twain:
If live, I live, and if thou die, I die,

One Heart, one Love, one Joy, one Grief, one

(Troth,
One Good, one Ill, one Life, one Death to both.

If *Howards* blood thou hold'st as but too vile,

Or not esteem'st of *Norfolks* Princely Stile,

If *Scotlands* Coat no mark of Fame can lend,

* That *Lyon* plac'd in our bright *Silver bend*.

Which as a Trophy beautifies our Shield,

* Since Scottish Blood discolour'd *Floden* field ;

When the Proud *Cheviot* our brave Ensign bare,

As a rich Jewel in a Ladies Hair,

And did fair *Bramstons* neighbouring Vallies choke

With Clouds of Canons, fire disgorged Smoke,

Or *Surreys* Earldom insufficient be,

And not a Dower so well contenting thee ;

Yet am I one of great *Apollo's* Heirs,

The sacred Muses challenge me for theirs,

By Princes my immortal lines are sung,

My flowing Verses grac'd with ev'ry Tongue ;

The little Children when they learn to go,

By painful Mothers daded to and fro,

Are taught my gentle Numbers to rehearse,

And have their sweet Lips season'd with my Verse,

When Heav'n would strive to do the best it can,

And put an Angels Spirit into a Man,

The utmost pow'r it hath, it then doth spend,

When to the World a Poet it doth intend.

That little diff'rence 'twixt the Gods and us,

By them confirm'd) distinguish'd only thus :

Whom

Whom they, in Birth, ordain to happy days,
 The Gods commit their Glory to our praise ;
 T^eternal Life when they dissolve their breath,
 We likewise share a second Pow'r by Death.

(Gray,

When Time shall turn those Amber Locks to
 My Verse again shall guild and make them gay,
 And trick them up in knotted Curls anew,
 And to thy Autumn give a Summers hiew ;
 That sacred Pow'r that in my Ink remains,
 Shall put fresh Bloud into thy wither'd Veins,
 And on thy Red decay'd, thy Whiteness dead,
 Shall set a White, more White, a Red more Red :
 When thy dim Sight thy Glasse cannot descry,
 Nor thy craz'd Mirrour can discern thine Eye ;
 My Verse, to tell th' one what the other was,
 Shall represent them both, thine Eye and Glasse :
 Where both thy Mirrour and thine Eye shall see,
 What once thou saw'st in that, that saw in thee ;
 And to them both shall tell the simple truth,
 What that in pureness was, what thou in youth.

If *Florence* once should lose her old renown,
 As famous *Athens*, now a Fisher-Town ;
 My Lines for thee a *Florence* shall erect,
 Which great *Apollo* ever shall protect,
 And with the Numbers from my Pen that falls,
 Bring Marble Mines, to re-erect those Walls.

* Nor beauteous *Stanhope*, from all Tongues re-
 To be the glory of the *English* Court, (port

shall

The Lady *GERALDINE*.

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Shall by our Nation be so much admir'd,
If ever *Surrey* truly were inspir'd.

* And famous *Wyat*, who in Numbers sings,
To that enchanting *Thracian* Harpers strings,
To whom *Phæbus* (the Poets God) did drink
A Bowl of Nectar, fill'd up to the Brink;
And sweet-tongu'd *Bryan* (whom the Muses kept
And in his Cradle rockt him whilst he slept)
In sacred Verses (most divinely pen'd)
Upon thy praises ever shall attend.

What time I came into this famous Town,
And made the cause of my Arrival known,
Great *Medices* a List (for Triumphs) built;
Within the which, upon a Tree of Gilt,
(Which was with sundry rare Devices set)
I did erect thy lovely Counterfeit,
To answer those *Italian* Dames desire,
Which dayly came thy Beauty to admire:
By which, my *Lyon*, in his gaping Jaws
Held up my Lance, and in his dreadful paws
Reacheth my Gauntlet unto him that dare
A Beauty with my *Geraldines* compare.
Which, when each Manly valiant Arm assays,
After so many brave triumphant days,
The glorious Prize upon my Lance I bare,
By Herald's voyce proclaim'd to be thy share;
The shiver'd Staves, here for thy Beauty broke,
With fierce encounters past at ev'ry shock,
When stormy Courses answer'd Cuff for Cuff,
Denting proud Bevers with the Counter-buff

O

Upon

Upon an Altar, burnt with holy Flame,
 I sacrific'd, as Incense to thy Fame :
 Where, as the Phoenix from her spiced fume
 Renews her self, in that she doth consume ;
 So from these sacred Ashes live we both,
 Ev'n as that one *Arabian* Wonder doth.

When to my Chamber I my self retire,
 Burnt with the Sparks that kindled all this fire,
 Thinking of *England*, which my Hope contains,
 The happy Isle where *Geraldine* remains ;
 * Of *Hunsdon*, where those sweet celestial Eyne
 At first did pierce this tender Breast of mine ;
 * Of *Hampton Court*, and *Windsor*, where abound
 All pleasures that in Paradise were found ;
 Near that fair Castle is a little Grove,
 With hanging Rocks all cover'd from above,
 Which on the Bank of goodly *Thames* doth stand,
 Clipt by the Water from the other Land,
 Whose bushie top doth bid the Sun forbear,

(there ;
 Checks those proud Beams , attempt to enter
 (breath,
 Whose Leaves still muttering, as the Ayr doth
 With the sweet bubbling of the Stream beneath,
 Doth rock the Senses (whilst the small Birds sing)
 Lulled asleep with gentle murmuring ;
 Where light-foot Fairies sport at Prison-Base ;

(place)
 (No doubt] there is some Pow'r frequents the

There

There the tott Poplar and smooth Beech do bear
Our Names together carved ev'ry where,
And Gordian Knots do curiously entwine
The Names of *Henry* and *Geraldine*.

Oh, let this Grove in happy times to come,
Be call'd, *The Lovers blest'd Elizium*;
Whither my Mistress wonted to resort,
In Summers heat, in those sweet shades to sport:
A thousand sundry names I have it given,
And call'd it, Wonder-hider, Cover-Heaven,
The Roof where Beauty her rich Court doth keep,
Under whose compass all the Stars do sleep.

There is one Tree, which now I call to mind,
Doth bear these Verses carved in his Rinde:

*When Geraldine shall sit in thy fair shade,
Fan her sweet Tresses with perfumed Air,
Let thy large Boughs a Canopy be made.*

*To keep the Sun from gazing on my Fair;
And when thy spreading branched Arms be sunk,
And thou no Sap nor Pith shalt more retain,
Ev'n from the dust of thy unwieldy Trunk,
I will renew thee Phoenix-like again,
And from thy dry decayed Root will bring
A new-born Stem, another Ælons Spring.*

I find no cause, nor judge I reason why,
My Country should give place to *Lumbardy*;

* As goodly Flow'rs on *Thame's* rich Banck do
As beautifie the Banks of wanton *Po*; (grow,
As many Nymphs as haunt rich *Arnus* strand,
By silver *Severn* tripping hand in hand:

Our Shad's as sweet, though not to us so dear,
 Because the Sun hath greater power there:
 This distant place doth give me greater Woe;
 Far off, my Sighs the farther have to go,

(long?

Ah absence! why thus should'st thou seem so

(wrong

Or wherefore should'st thou offer Time such
 Summer so soon to steal on Winters Cold,
 Or Winters Blasts so soon make Summer old?

Love did us both with one-self Arrow strike,

(like;

Our Wound's both one, our Cure should be the
 Except thou hast found out some mean by Art,
 Some pow'rfull Med'cine to withdraw the dart;
 But mine is fixt, and absence being proved,
 It sticks too fast, it cannot be removed.

Adieu, Adieu, from *Florence* when I go,
 By my next Letters *Geraldine* shall know,
 Which if good fortune shall by course direct;
 From *Venice* by some messenger expect;
 Till when, I leave thee to thy hearts desire,
 By him that lives thy vertues to admire.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History.

From learned Florence, long time rich in Fame.

Florence, a City of Tuscan, standing upon the River Ar-
nus (celebrated by Dante, Petrarch, and other the most
Noble Wits of Italy) was the original of the Family, out
of which, this Geraldine did spring, as Ireland the place
of her Birth, which is intimated by these Verses of the Earl
of Surrey.

From Tuscan came my Ladies worthy race,
Fair Florence was sometimes her ancient seat,
The Western Isle, whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Cambers Cliffs, did give her lively heat.

Great learn'd Agrippa, so profound in Art.

Cornelius Agrippa, a man in his time so famous for
Magick (which the Books published by him, concerning that
argument, do partly prove) as in this place needs no further
remembrance. Howbeit, as those abstruse and gloomy Arts
are but illusions: so in the honour of so rare a Gentleman as
this Earl (and therewithal so Noble a Poet; a quality, by
which his other Titles receive their greatest lustre) Inven-
tion may make somewhat more bold with Agrippa above the
barren truth.

That Lyon set in our bright silver Bend.

The blazon of the Howards honourable Armour, was,
Gules between six crosselets Fitchy a bend Argent, to
which

which afterwards was adled by atchievement, In the Canton point of the Bend, an Escutcheon, or within the Scottish tressure, a Demi-lion-rampant Gules, &c. as Master Camden, now Clerenceaux, from authority noteth. Never shall Time or bitter Envy be able to obscure the brightness of so great a Victory as that, for which this addition was obtained. The Historian of Scotland, George Buchanan, reporteth, That the Earl of Surrey gave for his Badge a Silver Lion (which from Antiquity belonged to that name) tearing in pieces A Lion prostrate Gules, and withall, that this which he terms insolence, was punished in him and his Posterity, as if it were fatal to the Conquerour, to do his Sovereign such Loyal service, as a thousand such severe Censurers were never able to perform.

Since Scottish Blood discolour'd Floden Field.

The Battel was fought at Bramston, near Floden Hill, being a part of the Cheviot, a Mountain that exceedeth all the Mountaines in the North of England for bigness; in which, the wilful Perjury of James the Fifth was punished from Heaven by the Earl of Surrey, being left by King Henry the Eighth (then in France before Turwin) for the defence of this Realm.

Nor beautilous Stanhope, whom all Tongues report
To be the glory, &c.

Of the Beauty of that Lady, he himself testifies, in an Elegie which he writ of her, refusing to dance with him, which he seemeth to allegorize under a Lion and a Wolf. And of himself he saith:

A Lion saw I late, as white as any Snow.

And

And of her,

I might perceive a Wolf, as white as a Whales Bone,
A fairer Beast, of fresher hue, beheld I never none,
But that her Looks were coy, and froward was her Grace.

And famous *Wyat*, who in Numbers sings.

Sir Thomas Wyat the Elder, a most excellent Poet, as his Poems extant do witness; besides certain Encomiums, written by the Earl of Surrey, upon some of Davids Psalms, by him translated:

What holy Grave, what worthy Sepulchre,
To *Wyats* Psalms shall Christians purchase then?

And afterward, upon his Death, the said Earl writeth thus:

What vertues rare were temp'red in thy Breast?
Honour that *England*, such a Jewel bred,
And kiss the Ground whereas thy Corps did rest.

Of *Hunsdon*, where those sweet celestial Eyne.

It is manifest by a Sonnet, written by this Noble Earl, that the first time he beheld his Lady, was at Hunsdon:

Hunsdon did first present her to mine Eyne.

Which Sonnet being altogether a description of his Love, I do alledge in divers places of this Glass, as proof of what I write.

Of Hampton Court, and Windsor, where abound,
All Pleasures, &c.

*That he enjoyed the presence of his fair and vertuous Mi-
stresses in those two places, by reason of Queen Katherines usual
aboad there (on whom this Lady Geraldine was attending)
I prove by these Verses of his :*

*Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine,
Windsor (alas) doth chase me from her fight.*

And in another Sonnet following :

When Windsor Walls sustain'd my wearied Arm,
My Hand, my Chin, to ease my restless Head.

*And that his delight might draw him to compare Windsor
to Paradise, an Elegie may prove ; where he remembreth his
passed Pleasures in that place.*

With a Kings Son my Childish years I pass'd,
In greater Feasts than Priams Son of Troy.

And again in the same Elegie :

(rove,
Those large green Courts, where we were wont to
With Eyes cast up unto the Maidens Tower,
With easie sighs, such as Men draw in love.

And again in the same :

The stately Seats, the Ladies bright of hue,
The Dances short, long Tales of sweet Delight.

And for the pleasantness of the place, these Verses of his may testifie, in the same Elegie before recited:

The secret Groves which we have made resound,
With silver drops the Meads yet spread for ruth.

As goodly flow'rs on *Thames's* rich Banck do grow, &c.

I had thought in this place, not to have spoken of Thames, being so oft remembred by me before, in sundry other places, on this occasion: but thinking of that excellent Epigram, which, as I judge, either to be done by the said Earl, or Sir Francis Brian; for the worthiness thereof, I will here insert: as it seems to me, was compyled at the Authors being in Spain.

Tagus, farewell, which Westward with thy Streams
Turn'st up the grains of Gold, already try'd,
For I with Spur and Sayl go seek the *Thames*,
Against the Sun that shews his wealthy pride,
And to the Town that *Brutus* sought by Dreams,
Like bended Moon, that leans her lusty side,
To seek my Country now, for whom I live,
O mighty *Jove*, for this the Winds me give.

The Lady *GERALDINE*

T O

Henry Howard Earl of *Surrey*.

SUCH greeting as the Noble *Surrey* sends,
The like to thee thy *Geraldine* commends;
A Maidens thoughts do check my trembling hand,
On other Terms or Complements to stand,
Which (might my speech be as my Heart affords)
Should come attired in far richer words:

But all is one, my Faith as firm shall prove,
As hers that makes the greatest shew of Love.

In *Cupids* School I never read those Books,
Whose Lectures oft we practice in our Looks,
Nor ever did suspicious rival Eye
Yet lie in wait my Favours to espy;
My Virgin Thoughts are innocent and meek,
As the chaste Blushes sitting on my Cheek:

As in a Feaver, I do shiver yet,
Since first my Pen was to the Paper set.

If I do err, you know my Sex is weak, (speak.
Fear proves a Fault, where Maids are forc'd to
Do I not ill? Ah sooth me not herein;

O, if I do, reprove me of my sin:

Chide me in Faith, or if my Fault you hide,
My Tongue will teach my self, my self to chide.

Nay,

Nay, Noble *Surrey*, blot it if thou wilt,
Then too much boldness should return my Guilt :
For that should be ev'n from our selves conceal'd,
Which is disclos'd, if to our Thoughts reveal'd ;
For the least Motion, more the smallest Breath,
That may impeach our Modesty, is Death.

The Page that brought thy Letters to my hand,
(Methinks) should marvel at my strange demand:
For till he blush'd, I did not yet espie

The nakedness of my Immodesty,
Which in my Face he greater might have seen,

But that my Fan I quickly put between ;
Yet scarcely that my inward Guilt could hide,
"Fear seeing all, fears it of all is spy'd.

Like to a Taper lately burning bright,
But wanting matter to maintain his Light ;
The Blaze ascending, forced by the smoke,
Living by that which seeks the same to choke ;
The Flame still hanging in the Air, doth burn,
Until drawn down, it back again return : (closeth,
Then clear, then dim, then spreadeth, and then
Now getteth strength, and now his brightness
As well the best discerning Eye may doubt, (loseth ;
Whether it yet be in, or whether out :

Thus in my Cheek my sundry passions shew'd,
Now ashy pale, and now again it glow'd.

If in your Verse there be a pow'r to move,
It's you alone, who are the cause I love ;
It's you bewitch my Bosome, by mine Ear ;
Unto that end I did not place you there :

Aires

Aires to allwage the bloody Souldiers mind,
 Poor Women, we are naturally kind.
 Perhaps you'l think, that I these terms inforce,
 For that in Court this kindness is of course;
 Or that it is that Honey-steeped Gall,
 We oft are said to bait our Loves withal,
 That in one Eye we carry strong desire,
 In th'other, drops, which quickly quench that fire.
 Ah, what so false can Envy speak of us,
 But it shall find some vainly credulous?
 I do not so, and to add proof thereto,
 I love in Faith, in Faith, sweet Lord I do;
 Nor let the Envy of invenom'd Tongues,
 Which still is grounded on poor Ladies Wrongs,
 Thy Noble Breast disasterly possess,
 By any doubt to make my love the less.

My House from *Florence* I do not pretend,
 Nor from those *Geralds* claim I to descend;
 Nor hold those Honours insufficient are,
 That I receive from *Desmond* or *Kildare*:
 Nor add I greater worth unto my Blood,
 Than *Irish* Milk to give me Infant-food;
 Nor better Air will ever boast to breath,
 Than that of *Leinster*, *Munster*, or of *Meath*;
 Nor crave I other foreign far Allies,
 * Than *Windsores*, or *Fitz-Gerald's* Families:
 It is enough to leave unto my Heirs,
 If they but please t'acknowledge me for theirs.

To what place ever did the Court remove,
 But that the House gives matter to my Love?

At *Windſor* ſtill I ſee thee ſit, and walk,
 There mount thy Courſer, there deviſe, there talk;
 The Robes, the Garter, and the ſtate of Kings,
 Into my Thoughts thy hoped Greatneſs brings:
None-ſuch, the Name imports (me thinks) ſo much,
 None ſuch as it, nor as my Lord none ſuch;
 In *Hamptons* great Magnificence I find
 The lively Image of thy Princely Mind;
 Fair *Richmonds* Tow'rs like goodly Trophies ſtand
 Rear'd by the pow'r of thy victorious Hand;
White-Halls triumphing Galleries are yet
 Adorn'd with rich Devices of thy Wit;
 In *Greenwich* ſtill, as in a Glaſs, I view,
 Where laſt thou bad'ſt thy *Geraldine* adieu:

With ev'ry little perling breath that blows,

(Woes;

How are my Thoughts confus'd with Joys and
 As through a Gate, ſo through my longing Ears
 Paſs to my Heart whole multitudes of Fears.

Oh, in a Map that I might ſee thee ſhow
 The place where now in danger thou doſt go!

Whiſt we diſcourſe, to travel with our Eye

Romania, *Tuſcan*, and fair *Lumbardy*;

Or with thy pen exactly to ſet down

The Model of that Temple, or that Town;

And to relate at large where thou haſt been,

As there, and there, and what thou there haſt ſeen:

Expreſſing in a Figure, by thy Hand,

How *Naples* lies, how *Florence* fair doth ſtand;

Or

Or as the *Grecians* finger dip'd in Wine,
 Drawing a River in a little Line,
 And with a drop a Gulf to figure out,
 To model *Venice* moted round about ;
 Then adding more, to counterfeit a Sea,
 And draw the Front of stately *Genova*.

These from thy Lips were like harmonious Tones,
 (Grones.

Which now do sound like Mandrakes dreadful

Some travel hence t' enrich their Minds with Skill,
 Leave here their Good, and bring home others Ill ;
 Which seem to like all Countries but their own,
 Affecting most, where they the least are known ;

(their Head,
 Their Leg, their Thigh, their Back, their Neck,
 As they had been in several Countries bred ;

In their Attire, their Gesture, and their Gate,
 Found in each one, in all Italionate ;

So well in all deformity in fashion,
 Borrowing a Limb of ev'ry sev'ral Nation ;
 And nothing more than *England* hold in scorn,
 So live as Strangers whereas they were born :

But thy return in this I do not read,
 Thou art a perfect Gentleman indeed ;
 O God forbid that *Howards* Noble line,
 From ancient Vertue should so far decline ;
 The *Muses* train (whereof your self are chief)
 Only to me participate their Grief :

To sooth their humors, I do lend them ears.

"He gives a Poet, that his Verses hears.

Till

Till thy return,, by hope they only live ;
 Yet had they all, they all away would give :
 The World and they, so ill according be,
 That Wealth and Poets never can agree.
 Few live in Court that of their good have care,
 The *Muses* friends are every-where so rare ;

Some praise thy Worth (that it did never know)
 Only because the better sort do so,
 Whose judgment never further doth extend,
 Than it doth please the greatest to commend ;
 So great an ill upon desert doth chance,
 When it doth pass by beastly ignorance.
 Why art thou slack, whilst no man puts his hand
 (stand?

* To raise the mount where *Surrey's* Towers must
 Or Who the groundfil of that work doth lay,
 Whilst like a Wand'rer thou abroad do'st stray,
 Clip'd in the Arms of some lascivious Dame,
 When thou shouldst rear an *Ilion* to thy Name ?

When shall the *Muses* by fair *Norwich* dwell,
 To be the City of the learned Well ?
 Or *Phæbus* Altars there with Incense heap'd,
 As once in *Cyrrha*, or in *Thebe* kept ?
 Or when shall that fair hoof-plow'd Spring distill
 From great *Mount-Surrey*, out of *Leonards Hill* ?
 Till thou return, the Court I will exchange
 For some poor Cottage, or some Country Grange,
 Where to our Distaves, as we sit and Spin,
 My Maid and I will tell what things have bin,

Our

Till

Our Lutes unstrung shall hang upon the Wall,
 Our Lessons serve to wrap our Towe withal,
 And pass the Night, whiles Winter tales we tell,
 Of many things, that long ago befell ;
 Or tune such homely Carrols as were sung
 In Courtly Sport, when we our selves were young,
 In pretty Riddles to bewray our Loves,
 In questions purpose, or in drawing Gloves.
 The Noblest Spirits , to Vertue most inclin'd,
 These here in Court thy greatest want do find ;
 Others there be, on which we feed our Eye,
 * Like Arras-work, or such like Image'ry :
 Many of us desire Queen *Kath'rines* state,
 But very few her Vertues imitate.
 Then, as *Ulysses* Wife, write I to thee,
 Make no reply, but come thy self to me.

ANNOTATIONS on the Chronicle History.

Then *Windsors*, or *Fitz-Geralds* Families.

THe cost of many Kings, which from time to time have adorned the Castle at Windsor with their Princely Magnificence, hath made it more Noble, than that it need to be spoken of now, as though obscure ; and I hold it more meet, to refer you to your vulgar Monuments for the Founders and Finishers thereof, than to meddle with matter nothing to the purpose. As for the Family of the *Fitz-Geralds*, of whence this excellent Lady was lineally descended, the original was English,

English, though the Branches did spread themselves into distant Places, and Names nothing consonant, as in former times it was usual to denominate themselves of their Manours or Forenames: as may partly appear in that which ensueth; the light whereof proceeded from my learned and very worthy Friend, Master Francis Thiri. Walter of Windsor the Son of Oterus, had to Issue William, of whom, Henry, now Lord Windsor is descended, and Robert of Windsor, of whom Robert, the now Earl of Essex and Gerald of Windsor, his third Son, who married the Daughter of Rees the great Prince of Wales, of whom came Neita, Paramour to Henry the First: Which Gerald had Issue, Maurice Fitz-Gerald, Ancestor to Thomas Fitz-Maurice Justice of Ireland, buried at Trayly; leaving Issue John his Eldest Son, first Earl of Kildare, Ancestor to Geraldine, and Maurice his second Son first Earl of Desmond.

To raise the Mount where Serrey's Tow'rs must stand.

Alluding to the sumptuous House which was afterward builded by him upon Leonard's Hill, right against Norwich; which in the Rebellion of Norfolk under Ket, in King Edward the Sixth's time was much defaced by that impure Rabble. Betwixt the Hill and the City, as Alexander Nevil describes it, the River of Yarmouth runs, having West and South thereof a Wood, and a little Village called Thorp, and on the North, the pastures of Moulsholl, which contain about six miles in length and breadth. So that besides the stately greatness of Mount Surrey which was the Houses name, the Prospect and Sight thereof was passing pleasant and commodious; and no where else did that increasing evil of the Norfolk Fury enkernel it self then, but there, as it were for a manifest token of their intent, to debase all high things, and to profane all holy.

Like Arras-work, or rather Imagery.

Such was he whom Juvenal taxeth in this manner :

—— Truncoque similimus Herme

Nulla quippe alio vinctis discrimine, quam quod
illi marmoreum caput est, tua vivit Imago.

Seeming to be born for nothing else but Apparel, and the outward appearance, intituled, Complement : with whom, the ridiculous Fable of the Ape in Æsop sorteth fitly ; who coming into a Carver's House, and viewing many Marble Works, took up the Head of a Man, very cunningly wrought : who greatly, in praising, did seem to pity it, that having so comely an outside, it had nothing within : like empty Figures, walk and talk in every place : at whom the Noble Geraldine modestly glanceth.

FINIS.

The

The Lady Jane Gray
TO THE
Lord GILFORD DUDLEY.

The ARGUMENT.

After the death of that vertuous Prince King Edward the Sixth, the Son of that famous King Henry the Eighth, Jane, the Daughter of Henry Gray, Duke of Suffolk, by the consent of John Dudley Duke of Northumberland was proclaimed Queen of England, being married to Gilford Dudley, the fourth Son of the aforesaid Duke of Northumberland; which Match was concluded by their ambitious Father, who went about by this means to bring the Crown unto their Children, and to dispossess the Princess Mary, eldest Daughter of King Henry the Eighth, Heir to King Edward her Brother. Queen Mary rising in Arms to claim her rightful Crown, taketh the said Jane Gray and the Lord Gilford her Husband, being lodged in the Tower for their more safety, which place being lastly their Pallace, by this means becomes their Prison: where being severed in sundry prisons, they write these Epistles one to another.

(from me,

MINE own dear Lord, since thou art lock'd
In this disguise my love must steal to thee,
Since to renew all Loves, all kindness past,
This refuge scarcely left, yet this the last.

My Keeper coming, I of thee enquire,
 Who with thy greeting, answers my desire;
 Which my tongue willing to return again,
 Grief stops my words, and I but strive in vain,
 Where-with amaz'd, away in hast he goes, (Woes;
 When through my Lips, my Heart thrusts forth my
 But then the doors that make a doleful sound,
 Drive back my words, that in the noise are drown'd;
 Which somewhat hush'd, the Eccho doth record,
 And twice or thrice reiterates my word,
 When like an adverse wind in *Isis* course,
 Against the Tide bending his boistrous force;
 But when the flood hath wrought it self about,
 He following on, doth headlong thrust it out:
 Thus strive my sighs, with tears ere they begin,
 And breaking out, again sighs drive them in.
 A thousand forms present my troubled thought,
 Yet prove abortive ere they forth are brought,
 "The depth of Woe, with words we hardly found
 "Sorrow is so insensibly profound.
 As tears do fall and rise, sighs come and go,
 So do these numbers ebb, so do they flow.
 These briny tears do make my Ink look pale,
 My Ink, Cloaths tears, in this sad mourning vail,
 The Letters Mourners, weep with my dim Eye,
 The Paper pale, griev'd at my misery.
 Yet miserable our selves, why should we deem?
 Since none are so, but in their own esteem;
 "Who in distress from resolution flies,
 "Is rightly said to yield to miseries;

* They

* They which begot us, dld beget this sin,
 They first begun, what did our grief begin;
 We tasted not, 'twas they which did rebel,
 (Not our offence) but in their fall we fell;
 They which a Crown would to my Lord have
 All hope of life, and liberty extinct; (link'd
 A Subject born, a Sovereign to have been,
 Hath made me now, nor Subject, nor a Queen.
 Ah vile Ambition, how do'st thou deceive us, (us?
 Which shew'd us Heaven, and in Hell do'st leave
 "Seldom untouch'd doth innocence escape,
 "When error cometh in good counsels shape,
 "A lawful title counterchecks proud might,
 "The weakest things become strong props to right;
 Then, my dear Lord, although affliction grieve us,
 Yet let our spotless innocence relieve us.
 "Death but an acted passion doth appear, (clear,
 "Where truth gives courage, and the conscience
 And let thy comfort thus consist in mine,
 That I bear part of whatso'ere is thine;
 And when we liv'd untouch'd with these disgraces,
 When as our Kingdom was our sweet embraces;
 At *Durham* Pallace, where sweet *Hymen* sang,
 Whose buildings with our Nuptial Musick rang?
 When *Prothalamions* prais'd that happy day,
 Wherein great *Dudley* match'd with noble *Gray*,
 When they devis'd to link by Wedlocks band,
 The House of *Suffolk* to *Northumberland*;
 Our fatal Dukedom to your Dukedom bound,
 To frame this building on so weak a ground.

For what avails a lawless Usurpation ?
 Which gives a Sceptre, but not rules a Nation,
 Only the surfeit of a vain opinion ; (non.
 “ What gives content, gives what exceeds Domi-
 * When first my ears were pierced with the same
 Of *Jane*, proclaimed by a Princess name,
 A suddain fright my trembling Heart appalls,
 The fear of Conscience entrenches Iron Walls.
 Thrice happy for our Fathers had it been,
 If what we fear’d, they wisely had foreseen,
 And kept a mean Gate in an humble path,
 To have escap’d the Heav’n’s impetuous wrath.
 The true bred Eagle strongly stems the wind,
 And not each Bird resembling their brave kind ;
 He, like a King, doth from the Clouds command
 The fearful Fowl, that moves but near the Land.
 Though *Mary* be from mighty Kings descended,
 My Bloud not from *Plantaginet* pretended ;
 * My Grandfire, *Brandon*, did our House advance,
 By Princely *Mary*, Dowager of *France* ;
 The fruit of that fair stock, which did combine,
 And *York*’s sweet branch with *Lancaster*’s entwine.
 And in one stalk did happily unite,
 The pure vermilion Rose, and purer white ;
 I, the untimely slip of that rich Stem,
 Whose golden Bud brings forth a Diadem.
 But oh, forgive me, Lord, it is not I ;
 Nor do I boast of this, but learn to die.
 Whilst we were, as our selves, conjoynd then,
 Nature to Nature, now an Alien.

“ To

"To gain a Kingdom, who spares their next blood,
 "Nearness contemn'd, if Sov'raignty withstood;
 "A Diadem, once dazeling the Eye,
 "The day's too dark to see Affinity; (Crown,
 "And where the Arm is stretch'd to reach a
 (down
 "Friendship is broke, the dearest things thrown
 * For what great *Henry* most strove t' avoid,
 (destroy'd,

The Heav'ns have built, where Earth would have
 And seating *Edward* on his Regal Throne,
 He gives to *Mary*, all that was his own,
 But death assuring what by life is theirs,
 The lawfull claim of *Henry's* lawfull Heirs.
 By mortal Laws, the bond may be divorc'd,
 But Heav'ns decree, by no means can be forc'd,
 They rule the case, when men have all decreed,
 Who took him hence, foresaw who should succeed,
 For we in vain relie on humane Laws, (cause;
 When Heaven stands forth to plead the righteous
 Thus rule the Skies in their continual Course,
 That yields to Fate, that doth not yield to force.
 "Mans Wit doth build for Time but to devour,
 "Vertues free from Time, and Fortunes pow'r;
 Then my kind Lord, sweet *Gilford*, be not griev'd,
 The Soul is Heav'nly, and from Heav'n reliev'd;
 And as we once have plighted troth together,
 Now let us make exchange of minds to either;
 To thy fair breast take my resolved mind,
 Arm'd against black Despair, and all her kind,

Into

Into my bosome breath that Soul of thine,
There to be made as perfect as is mine ;
So shall our Faiths as firmly be approv'd,
As I of thee, or thou of me belov'd.
This life, no life, wert thou not dear to me,
Nor this no death, were I not woe for thee ;
Thou my dear Husband, and my Lord before.
But truly learn to die, thou shalt be more.
Now live by prayer, on Heaven fix all thy thought,
And surely find, what ere by zeal is sought ;
For each good motion that the Soul awakes,
A Heavenly figure sees, from whence it takes
That sweet resemblance, which by power of kind,
Forms (like it self) an Image in the mind,
And in our Faith the operations be
Of that divineness, which through that we see ;
Which never errs but accidentally,
By our frail Fleshes imbecillity ;
By each temptation over-apt to slide,
Except our spirit becomes our bodies guide ;
For as these Towers our bodies do inclose,
So our Souls prisons verily are those ;
Our Bodies, stopping that Celestial Light,
As these do hinder our exterior sight :
Whereon death seizing, doth discharge the debt,
And us at blessed liberty doth set.
Then draw thy forces all up to thy heart,
The strongest fortress of this Earthly part ;
And on these three let thy assurance lie,
On Faith, Repentance and Humility ;

By

By which, to Heaven ascending by degrees,
 Persist in Prayer upon your bended Knees:
 Whereon if you assuredly be staid,
 You need in peril not to be dismayd,
 Which still shall keep you, that you shall not fall,
 For any peril that can you appall.
 The Key of Heav'n thus with you, you shall bear,
 And Grace, you guiding, get you entrance there;
 And if you these Celestial Joys possess,
 Which mortal Tongue's unable to express.
 Then thank the Heaven, preparing us this Room,
 Crowning our heads with glorious Martyrdom,
 Before the black and dismal days begin,
 The days of Idolatry and Sin;
 Not suffering us to see that wicked Age
 When Persecution vehemently shall rage,
 When Tyranny, new Torture shall invent,
 Inflicting vengeance on the Innocent. (bring,
 Yet Heaven forbids, that *Mary's* Womb should
England's fair Scepter to a foreign King,
 * But unto fair *Elizabeth* shall leave it,
 Which broken, hurt, and wounded shall receive it;
 And on her Temple having plac'd the Crown,
 Root out the Dregs Idolatry hath sown;
 And *Sion's* Glory shall again restore,
 Laid ruine, wast, and desolate before:
 And from Cinders, and rude heap of Stones,
 Shall gather up the Martyrs sacred Bones,
 And shall extirp the power of *Rome* again,
 And cast aside the heavy yoke of *Spain*.

Fare-

Farewell, sweet *Gilford*, know our end is near,
 Heaven is our home, we are but Strangers here,
 Let us make haste to go unto the blest,
 Which from these weary worldly labours rest,
 And with these lines, my dearest Lord, I greet thee,
 Until in Heaven thy *Jane* again shall meet thee.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History.

They which begot us, did beget this sin.

Shewing the ambition of the two Dukes their Fathers, whose pride was the cause of the utter overthrow of their Children.

At *Durham* Pallace, where sweet *Hymen* sang,
 The buildings, &c.

The Lord *Gilford* Dudley fourth Son to John Dudley Duke of Northumberland, married the Lady *Jane* Gray, Daughter to the Duke of *Suffolk* at *Durham* house in the Strand.

When first mine ears were pierced with the same,
 Of *Jane* proclaimed by a Princess name.

Presently upon the death of King *Edward*, the Lady *Jane* was taken as Queen, conveyed by Water to the Tower of London for her safety, and after proclaimed in divers places of the Realm, as so ordained by King *Edward's* Letters-Patents and his Will.

My Grandfire, *Brandon*, did our House advance,
 By Princely *Mary* Dowager of *France*.

Henry Gray Duke of *Suffolk*, married *Frances* the eldest Daughter of *Charles* *Brandon* Duke of *Suffolk*, by the French Queen,

Queen, by which Frances he had this Lady Jane: This Mary the French Queen was Daughter to King Henry the Seventh, by Elizabeth his Queen, which happy Marriage conjoyned the Noble Families of Lancaster and York.

For what great Henry most strove to avoid.

Noting the distrust that King Henry the Eighth ever had in the Princess Mary his Daughter, fearing she should alter the state of the Religion in the Land, by matching with a Stranger, confessing the right that King Henry's Issue had to the Crown.

* But unto fair Elizabeth shall leave it.

A Prophecie of Queen Mary's Barrenness, and of the happy and glorious Reign of Queen Elizabeth, her restoring of Religion, the abolishing of the Romish Servitude, and casting aside the Yoke of Spain.

The Lord Gilford Dudley

TO

The Lady JANE GRAY.

AS the Swan singing at his dying hour,
So I reply from my imprisoning Tow'r:
Oh could there be that pow'r in my Verse, (pierce!)
T' express the grief which my sad Heart doth
The very Walls that straitly thee inclose,
Would surely weep at reading of my Woes,
Let your Eyes lend, He pay you ev'ry tear,
And give you interest, if you do forbear,

Drop

Drop for a drop and if you'll needs have lone,
I will repay you frankly two for one.

Perhaps you'll think (your sorrows to appease)
That words of Comfort fitter were than these:
True, and in you when such perfection liveth
As in most grief me now most comfort giveth.
But think not, *Jane*, that cowardly I faint,
To beg man's mercy by my sad complaint,
That Death so much my Courage can controle,
At the departing of my living Soul.
For if one life a thousand lives could be,
All those too few to consummate with thee,
When thou this cross so patiently dost bear,
As if thou wert incapable of fear;
And do'st no more this dissolution fly,
Than if long Age constrained thee to dye.

Yet it is strange, thou art become my Foe,
And only now add most unto my Woe,
Not that I loath what most did me delight,
But that so long depriv'd I'm of thy sight:
For when I speak, complaining of my wrong,
Straightways thy name possesseth all my Tongue.
As thou before me evermore did'st lie,
The present Object to my longing Eye;

No ominous Star did at thy Birth-tide shine,
That might of thy sad destiny divine;
'Tis only I that did thy fall perswade,
And thou by me a Sacrifice art made,
As in those Countries, where the loving Wives
With their kind Husbands end their happy lives;
And

And crown'd with Garlands in their Brides Attire,
Burn with his body in the fun'ral fire;
And she the worthiest reck'ned is of all,
Whom least the peril seemeth to appall.

I boast not of *Northumberland's* great name,
(* Nor of *Ket* conquer'd, adding to our fame)
When he to *Norfolk* with his Armies sped,
And thence in chains the Rebels Captive led,
And brought safe peace returning to our dores.
Yet spread his glory on the Eastern Shores.

* Nor of my Brothers, from whose natural grace
Vertue may spring to beautifie our Race,

* Nor of *Gray's* match, my Children born by thee,
Of the great blood undoubtedly to be,
But of thy Virtue only do I boast,
That wherein I may justly glory most,
I crav'd no Kingdoms, though I thee did crave.
It me suffic'd thy only self to have :

Yet let me say, however it befell,
Methinks a Crown should have become thee well,
For sure thy Wisdom merited (or none)

* To have been heard with wonder from a Throne;
When from thy Lips the Counsel to each deed,
Doth as from some wise Oracle proceed.

And more esteem'd thy Vertues were to me,
Than all that else might ever come by thee :

So chaste thy love, so innocent thy life,
As being a Virgin when thou wast a Wife;

So great a gift the Heav'n on me bestow'd,
As giving that, it nothing could have ow'd :

Such

Such was the good I did possess of late,
 Er'e worldly care disturb'd our quiet state,
 Er'e trouble did in ev'ry place abound,
 And angry War our former Peace did wound,
 But to know this, Ambition us affords,
 "One Crown is guarded with a thousand swords,
 "To mean Estates, mean sorrows are but show'n,
 (known.

"But Crowns have cares, whose workings be un-
 * When *Dudley* led his Armies to the East,
 Of our whole Forces gen'rally possess,
 What then was thought his enterprise could let,
 * Whom a grave Council freely did abet,
 That had the judgment of the pow'rful Laws
 In ev'ry point to justify the cause?
 The holy Church a helping hand that laid,
 (have swaid?)

Who would have thought that these could not
 But what alas! can Parliaments avail,
 Where *Mary's* Right must *Edward's* Acts repeal?
 * When *Suffolk's* pow'r doth *Suffolk's* hopes with-
Northumberland doth leave *Northumberland*. (stand,
 And they that should our greatness undergo
 Us and our Actions only overthrow,
 Er'e greatness gain'd, we give it all our heart,
 But being once come, we wish it would depart,
 And indiscreetly follow that so fast,
 Which overtaken, punisherh our hast.

If any one do pity our offence,
 Let him besure that he be far from hence :

Here

Here is no place for any one that shall
So much as once commiserate our fall :
And we of mercy vainly should but think,
Our timeles tears th' insatiate Earth doth drink.
All Lamentations utterly forlorn,
Dying before they fully can be born.
Mothers that should their wofull Children rue,
Fathers in death, so kindly bid adieu,
Friends their dear farewell lovingly to take,
The faithfull Servant weeping for our sake,
Brothers and Sisters waiting on our Bier,
Mourners to tell what we were living here :
But we alas! deprived are of all,
So fatal is our miserable fall,
And where at first for safety we were shut,
Now in dark prison wofully are put,
And from the height of our ambitious state,
Lie to repent our arrogance too late.
To thy perswasion thus I then rely,
Hold on thy course resolved still to dy;
And when we shall so happily begone,
Leave it to Heav'n to give the rightfull Throne,
And with that Health, I thee regret again,
Which I of late did gladly entertain.

A N-

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History.

Nor of Ket conquer'd adding to our fame.

John Duke of Northumberland, when before he was Earl of Warwick, in his expedition against Ket, overthrew the Rebels of Norfolk and Suffolke, encamped at Mount Surrey in Norfolk.

Nor of my Brothers, from whose natural grace.

Gilford Dudley, as remembring in this place the towardness of his Brothers, which were all likely indeed to have raised that House of the Dudleys, of which he was a Fourth Brother, if not suppressed by their Fathers overthrow.

Nor of Gray's Match, my Children born by thee:

Noting in this place the Alliance of the Lady Jane Gray, by her Mother, which was Frances the Daughter of Charles Brandon, by Mary the French Queen, Daughter to Henry the Seventh, and Sister to Henry the Eighth.

To have been heard with wonder from a Throne.

Seldom hath it ever been known of any woman endued with such wonderful gifts, as was this Lady, both for her Wisdom and Learning; of whose skill in Tongues one reporteth by this Epigram.

Miraris *Janam Graio sermone valere,*
Quo primum nata est tempore Graia fuit,

When

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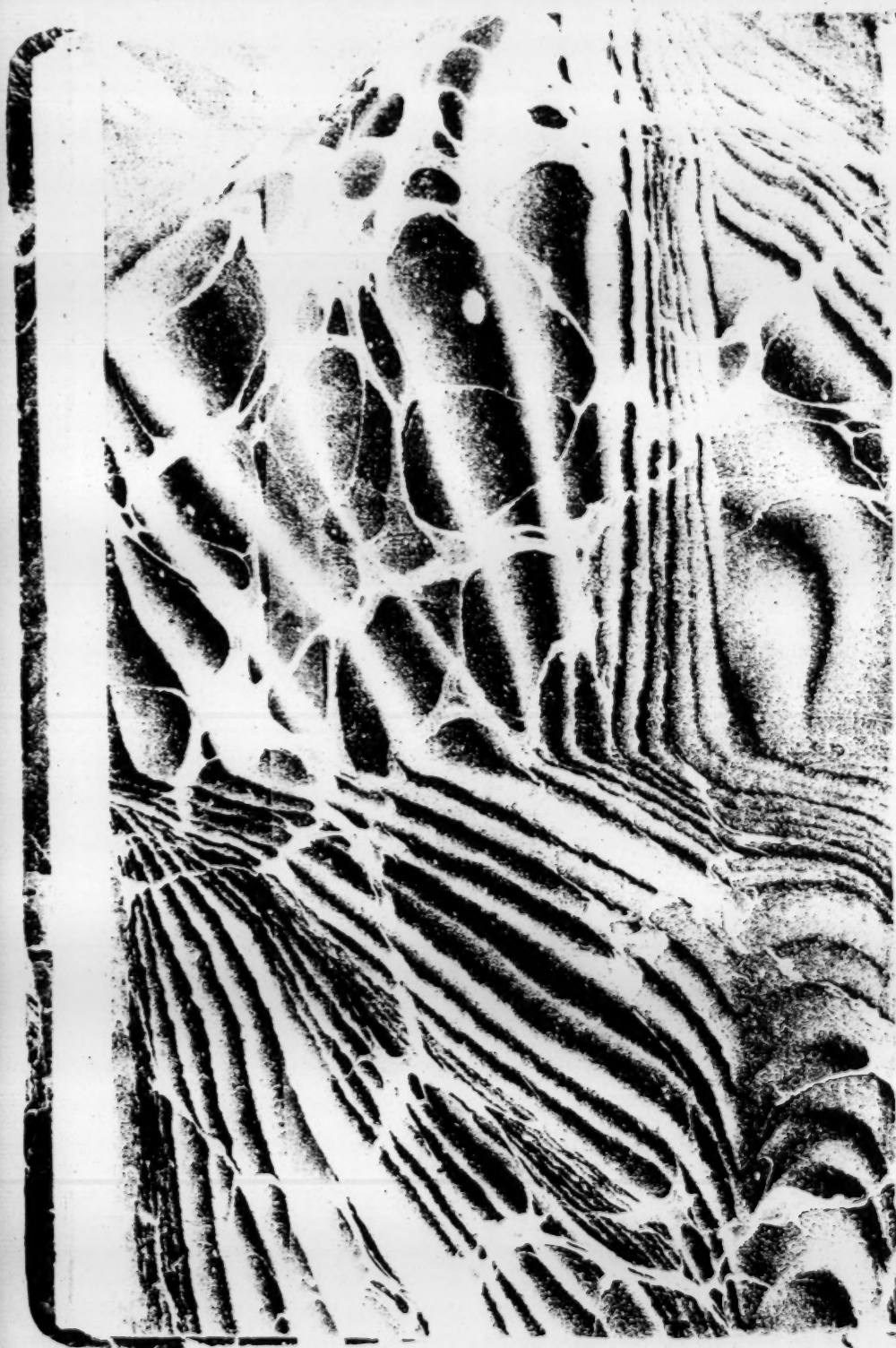
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